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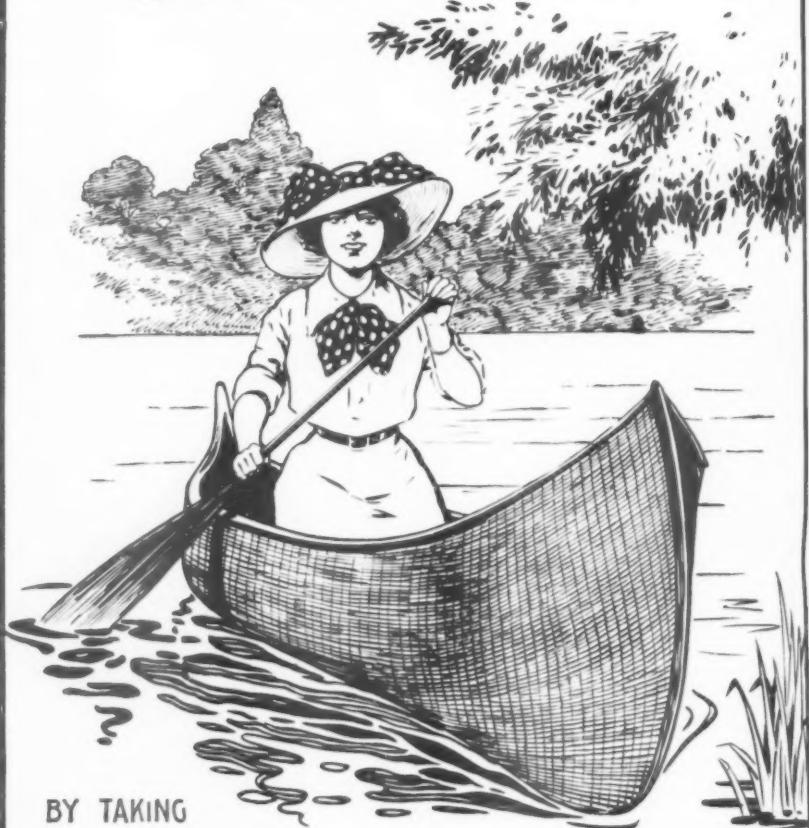
SEPTEMBER 1913

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The QUIVER



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BY TAKING

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but thanks to Mellin's Food he was soon on health's high road, furnishing still another instance of the power of Mellin's Food as a body builder and creator of vitality.

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Q.—Sept., 1913.]

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Diamond and Rubies or
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EVERY WOMAN'S WISH FULFILLED

A Glorious Growth of Natural Hair assured to every Lady in the Land.

FURTHER FREE DISTRIBUTION OF VALUABLE TOILET OUTFITS.

EVERY WOMAN'S WISH.

Every lady in the land wishes for a glorious growth of natural, gleaming hair.

But how many, with sighs of regret, look upon shining tresses as unattainable, and endeavour to hide the poverty of their hair with fringes and transformations which deceive few? How many more are ashamed of the scantiness of their locks and are conscious of the loss of charm and power which accompanies hair poverty.

For hair poverty is increasing in England to-day at an alarming rate.

To one who has made a life-long study of the hair, as Mr. Edwards, the inventor of "Harlene Hair-Drill," has done, this state of affairs, however much to be regretted, is not surprising. For the hair calls aloud for proper treatment, just as the flowers in the garden must be intelligently tended to induce them to give the choicest blooms.

Even if your hair is strong now, it *cannot* remain so unless you give it the treatment it demands. Unless you nurture your hair it will, sooner or later, begin to fall out, split at the ends, and show signs of hair poverty and distress. This is the effect of neglect.

HOW THE WISH MAY BE FULFILLED.

But there is no need for hair poverty at all.

And however you may have neglected your hair in the past, and however weak and straggling it may have become, if you will accept the offer of Mr. Edwards, the Royal Hair Specialist, you may start to-day to grow natural hair, long and vigorous, and gleaming with the glow of health.

And this you can do without cost.

Mr. Edwards, in his great "Harlene Hair-Drill" campaign, has shown over 5,000,000 people how to grow vigorous hair, but he is not satisfied with this magnificent achievement.

It is his ambition to see every lady and gentleman throughout the land in the possession of a fine head of hair, and therefore he makes the astonishingly generous offer printed at the bottom of this article.

The wish of every woman to possess a magnificent head of hair is here fulfilled in "Harlene Hair-Drill."

NATURE'S SECRET REVEALED.

For "Harlene Hair-Drill" is the sure method of growing hair—the only certain way. No other method and no other preparation carries Nature's secret as does "Harlene."

If you follow the simple rules of "Harlene Hair-Drill" you may rest assured that you will quickly possess a magnificent head of hair which will be the admiration of all your friends.

And what is more, your hair will be naturally grown, and therefore vigorous—not forced by unnatural means and, like all forced growths, weak and sickly, and sus-

ceptible to the slightest change in temperature or climate.

THE WONDROUS RESULTS OF "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL."

Start your "Harlene Hair-Drill" to-day, and day by day you can actually perceive the improvement in your hair.

There is no condition of hair ill-health which "Harlene" will not remedy, and no case so stubborn that it will not quickly yield to this wonderful achievement of the scientist.

"Harlene Hair-Drill" cures all the following hair and scalp disorders:—

- Total Baldness (even of years' standing).
- Partial or Patchy Baldness.
- Thinning of Hair over the temples.
- Thin, weak, straggling Hair.
- Hair which falls out whenever brushed or combed.
- Hair which splits at the ends.
- Dull, dead-looking lustre-lacking Hair.
- Dry, brittle Hair.
- Greasy, inelastic Hair.
- Deposit of Scurf and Dandruff.
- Discoloured Hair.
- Irritation of the Scalp.

GENEROUS FREE GIFT TO EVERY READER.

Below there is printed a coupon.

Fill it up and send it with 3d. in stamps to pay postage of return outfit to the Edwards' Harlene Co., 104 High Holborn, London, W.C.

In return you will be sent

the following free Hair-Growing Toilet Gift. It contains:

1. A trial bottle of that delightful hair-food and tonic-dressing, "Harlene for the Hair."
2. A packet of "Cremex" for the Scalp, a delightful Shampoo Powder for home use, which thoroughly cleanses the Scalp from Scurf, and prepares the Hair for the "Hair-Drill" treatment.
3. Mr. Edwards' private book of "Hair-Drill" Rules, which show you how, by practising them for two minutes a day, you can put a stop to the fading or fading of your hair, and restore the latter to luxuriant, healthy, and lustrous abundance.

All chemists and stores sell "Harlene for the Hair" in 1s., 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. bottles; "Cremex" in 1s. boxes, of seven shampoos, single shampoos 2d. 6d. or you can obtain them post free from Mr. Edwards' Harlene Co., 104 High Holborn, London, W.C. All cheques and postal orders should be crossed.

THIS COUPON entitles YOU to ONE WEEK'S "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL" OUTFIT FREE.

To the EDWARDS' HARLENE CO.,

104 High Holborn, London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me by return of post a presentation Toilet outfit for practising "Harlene Hair-Drill." Enclose 3d. in stamps to pay carriage of above to my address in the world.

NAME

ADDRESS

THE QUIVER, Sept., 1913.

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A "nib" in every style.

"Whatever your style of handwriting, you will find that I can supply you with the very nib that suits you best. Ask for me personally at the shop to-day."

Don't put up with the old-fashioned fountain pen that needs a filler—get an Onoto.

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The Onoto fills itself with ink easily and quickly from any ink supply. It is the one pen that you can rely upon to fill itself properly. It can't leak.

If you buy the wrong kind of pen to-day you will probably wish for an Onoto to-morrow—so be sure to get an Onoto.

GUARANTEE.—The Onoto is British made. It is designed to last a lifetime; but, if it should ever go wrong, the makers will immediately put it right, free of cost.

Onoto

The pen to possess.

Price 10/6 and upwards of all Stationers, Jewellers, and Stores. Booklet about the Onoto Pen free on application to Thos. De La Rue & Co., Ltd., 235, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.

Ask for ONOTO INK—Best for all Pens.

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"Longlife" Aluminum Cooking Utensils are Good to use; Good to look at; Light to lift; Quick to boil; Easy to clean; Nothing to chip; Nothing to rust; White all through; Last a lifetime; Save time; Save labour; Save fuel; Brighten the kitchen; Lighten the work. *No Wonder Cook Likes Them.*

No. Q Set, comprising a pint saucepan and lid, 8 inch fry pan, a pint milk saucepan, and tea canister, made of stout gauge aluminium embodying all these advantages, can be had at the low price of 7s.



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Your Grocer will INTRODUCE you to

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for 3d., 6d., 9d., or 1s.

and you'll be **FAST FRIENDS** for ever.

Appetising. Digestive. Delicious.



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there's nothing like Geo. R. Sims' Tatcho. To old and young alike it gives to hair that has lost its health the luxuriance, beauty, and rich growth Nature intended for it. Tatcho has so engrafted itself within the public estimation that it is now universally accepted as the one true and genuine Hair Grower—in Mr. Sims's own words, "A remedy capable of working wonders."

Tatcho

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Are Pure Wool Clothing Fabrics

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NO MORE SYSTEM-WRECKING DRUGS.

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You can now learn how to apply this wonderful non-drugging curative system to your own case in your own home by using the Pulvermacher (all British) Body Batteries, the only correct Medical Voltage Batteries in existence which have been commended by 50 members of the Royal College of Physicians, many famous Surgeons and Scientists, &c. They are the finest curative and restorative for all cases of **LOST VITALITY, RHEUMATISM, SUMMER EXHAUSTION, KIDNEY, LIVER AND STOMACH TROUBLES, PREMATURE LOSS OF STRENGTH, NERVE EXHAUSTION, VARICOCELE, CONSTIPATION, DYSPEPSIA, SLEEPLESSNESS, FEMALE AILMENTS, &c.**

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The current is set flowing only when they are worn, so that there is no waste. A Pulvermacher Body Battery is not the slightest trouble to use. Don't go on ailing, feeling miserable and depressed, a burden to yourself and a misery to others, but inquire now into the wonderful virtues of the great natural healing force which is at last within reach of every home! Thousands of despairing weak men and women have discarded drugs and medicines to try Electricity, and are now happy and strong.

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UNBREAKABLE,
LIGHT,
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No. 456. 5½ ins. deep x 3½ ins. dia. Each 16/- Post Free.
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Made like the old "Wellington" Boot—
They FIT LIKE A GLOVE.

Undoubtedly the most *pliable*, *comfortable*, and *durable* of Boots made. They have no seams to hurt the foot, and no linings to harden and crack. Having a wide opening, they are easy to put on and to take off. Being always READY-LACED, one has but to buckle the strap. SPLendid for sufferers with tender feet, corns, bunions, &c.

Made in Sizes and Half Sizes, 10 & 12 1/2 in. Toes of standard.

We make all sorts of ordinary Boots, and fit them with the Ready Lace.

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Is YOUR Pencil a "Koh-i-noor"?

"Koh-i-noor" Pencils are 4d. each; or 1d. per dozen, 12 degrees (and Copying) to suit every pencil purpose. Of Stationers, &c. Illustrated List from L. & C.

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NERVE PARALYSIS.

Another Sensational Dr. Cassell's Miracle.

A Lady who suffered agonies from Nerve and Physical Breakdown, with Palpitation and Indigestion.

Read this striking account of a cure when everyone thought her end had come.

Remarkable proof of the value of DR. CASSELL'S TABLETS.

It would be difficult to find in the whole history of medicine a more rapid and complete cure than that effected by Dr. Cassell's Tablets in the case of **Mrs. Bateman, of 23 Blockhouse Street, Worcester.** In a few days she was made well—actually healthy—in a few weeks she had regained her normal weight and fitness, though for a whole year she had suffered agonies from wind and palpitation, and was in the last stage of physical and nervous breakdown. Here are Mrs. Bateman's own words. She says: "I was positively at death's door when I commenced taking Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and to-day I am as well and strong and bright as ever in my life. The trouble began with a cold about 15 months ago. Then all at once I was taken with the most violent palpitation. Sometimes I really thought my end had come. Then the indigestion began. After every morsel I ate came torturing pains in my chest and stomach and through to my back, with wind in such volumes that I was almost suffocated. Oh! it was awful. In easier moments stars would dance before my eyes till I was dizzy. I got no sleep at nights, and I fell away to a frame. I took doctor's medicine; but I only got worse, and my nerves were so bad

that the least noise upset me. For a whole year I was in this hopeless condition, when my husband got me some of Dr. Cassell's Tablets. I brightened up with the first or second dose. It was wonderful. The tablets seemed to put strength into me somehow, and by the time I was taking the second supply I could go to market by myself, and feel none the worse. I got stronger every day, gaining 17 lb. weight in ten weeks, and at the present time I never felt better in my life."



Mrs. Bateman, Worcester.

NERVOUS INDIGESTION.

Mrs. Ellen Williams, of Bryneglwys, Abergynolwyn, near Towyn, North Wales, writes: "About two years ago I had a bad attack of bronchitis. At the time I was suffering from indigestion, and was greatly troubled with wind on the stomach. I was also very nervous, and altogether in a low, run-down condition. When out of doors often I could hardly get my breath, not only because of the bronchitis, but also because the flatulence had such a choking effect. However, on the recommendation of a friend I got some Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and the effect was wonderful. I got better daily, and was soon well again."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets re-establish the vital forces of the body, and so set the digestive process working naturally. That is why they act more brilliantly than any other medicine known in cases of Nervous Breakdown, Anæmia, Debility, Sleeplessness, Nerve Pains, Heart Weakness, Kidney and Stomach Disorders, Children's Weakness, Spinal and Nerve Paralysis, and general bodily fatigue, brain-fag, and all run-down conditions. Send 2d. to-day to Dr. Cassell's Co. Ltd. (Box A68), Chester Road, Manchester, for a free sample. All Chemists sell DR. CASSELL'S TABLETS at 10*ld.*, 1*s. 1*ld.**, and 2*s. 9*d.**



EVERY CHILD IS NOT A NELSON!

THERE is a story told to the effect that one day the infant Nelson was missing from home. He was at length discovered by his grandmother sitting composedly by the side of a brook which he was unable to cross. "I wonder, child, that hunger and fear did not drive you home," remarked the old lady in amazement. "Fear, grandmamma," replied the dauntless infant, "I never saw fear; what is it?"

But every child is not a Nelson! On the contrary, a fear of darkness, in particular, is natural in infancy, and until a child out-grows it, the wisest course is to banish the darkness of the bedroom with the soft, reassuring glow of

Price's Night Lights

Economical, Reliable, Safe.

"Palmitine Star,"

To burn in a glass holder without water.

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To burn in a saucer containing water.

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To burn in a saucer without water.

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Do you feel tired at the end of the day?

THERE is nothing in the world like Vi-Cocoa to start the day on. As a food Vi-Cocoa is unapproachable. It makes you feel as if you had had a good meal — satisfied, comfortable — you don't need to be told that it is nourishing and sustaining—you realise it at once—you feel like taking off your coat and pitching in to your work, whether it is swinging a hammer or adding up the columns of a ledger. You are ready for the wash-tub or the sewing machine or the typewriter.

As the day goes on you experience a freshness and vitality that you've never known before. You don't feel that sinking feeling in the forenoon—that necessity for "something between meals." You feel as if you had taken a new lease of life—work becomes a pleasure.

VI-COCOA isn't ordinary Cocoa. It's the best and richest of Cocoas, but it is a lot more—it's the marvellous endurance-giving power of the Kola Nut, the wonderful digestive properties of Malt, and the splendid tonic and stimulating principles of Hops. Therefore,

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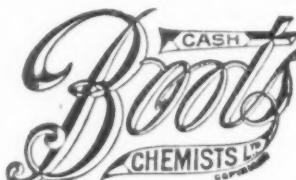
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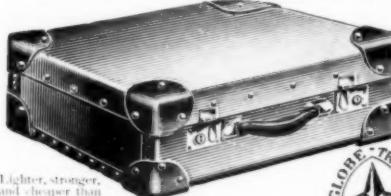
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THE QUIVER

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SEPTEMBER

*September blow soft
Till the fruits in the loft*





FEATHERED FRIENDS.

By Sydney Kandulok.

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THE QUIVER



VOL. XLVIII., No. 11

SEPTEMBER, 1913

ENSNARING LADY ANNABEL

A Story of Love and Something Else

By EVA BRETHERTON

"TWO teas? Will you have plain teas, or with cake and jam? And would you care for any strawberries?"

The young man addressed ordered recklessly of all the luxuries mentioned. Had the waitress not been so obviously a lady, and possessed of even more than her share of dignity, he would have liked to add some remark of a gallant nature; for she also possessed more than her share of good looks. As it was, it seemed more discreet to content himself with watching her graceful departure across the velvety sward of the tea garden in admiring silence.

But as she went she gave him the opportunity he craved. Taking a handkerchief from the pocket of the frilly muslin apron she wore over her mauve linen dress, she pulled out and let fall a letter.

The young man leapt to his feet, picked up the letter, hurried after her, and handed it back, bowing and murmuring politeness. She thanked him somewhat curtly, after a swift and, it seemed to him, inquiring glance, and went on her way.

He waited till the last glimpse of her mauve skirts had disappeared into the little teahouse, before returning to where his companion still sat, to say breathlessly:

"Eureka! old man, it's *she*! Her name was on the letter as large as life. 'Lady Annabel Gwynne, Deerhurst Court, Downshire.' I could see she was put out at having

dropped it. Wondered if I'd noticed the name. She'll have taken another here—sure to. So I've got her the very first time! Isn't she a clinker too, eh? She'll do."

The other man laughed good-humouredly. "Rather previous, aren't you, old chap? Or is the lady reputed to be susceptible to a remarkable degree?"

"You leave it to me, Hepworth. I shall work it all right, you'll see."

He adjusted a charmingly *négligé* silk tie—which matched the brown of his eyes, his boots, his socks, and his hat, and toned agreeably with his tweed suit—and awaited the return of the attractive waitress with the aristocratic name.

The other laughed again, and dropping his stick and straw hat on the grass beside him, gave himself up to a survey of his beautiful surroundings. His kind, pleasant face looked a little tired, and not even the youthful twinkle in his keen grey eyes could give him back the years which lay between him and his companion.

The waitress appeared, bearing a tray, a tablecloth hung over her arm. As she came towards them, her head up, her fine shoulders back, and with an added colour in her cheeks, brought there by their scrutiny, she certainly looked remarkably handsome.

The younger man rose again precipitately. With a gallant "Allow me," he took the

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tablecloth from her arm and deftly covered the table with it. An endeavour to assist in spreading the tea things was not quite satisfactory, for the waitress drew haughtily back and allowed him to finish alone.

Finally, after another journey to the tea-house—which was built out at one end of a long, low, old-fashioned cottage—she set on the table the bowl of strawberries, sugar and cream, together with a little bill, which she laid icily beside the younger man's plate. Then she sailed away, her fine figure again showing to advantage against the green of the garden.

The young man whistled softly. "Jupiter!" he breathed. "Or I should say, Juno! Well, I like a woman who takes a bit of winning."

He poured out the tea thoughtfully, and for a few moments there was silence while they partook.

The elder man broke it at last, the little twinkle of amusement still in his eyes.

"Well, Maurice, let's have the programme again then."

Maurice had begun on the strawberries, but he put them down to say with enthusiasm :

"It has all begun even better than I hoped, Hepworth. It is a real bit of luck, our meeting her the very first moment like this. Of course she's a bit haughty—any girl in her position would be. But that'll wear off, you'll see. Annabel! Name just suits her, doesn't it? Did you see the little pearl brooch with the 'A. G.' on it? I did. More strawberries? Well now, the programme is this :

"When we go away—by the by, I hope we see *her* again—we make a few inquiries about the neighbourhood, mention we're artists, say we're staying at Angler's Rest, and so on, ask about picturesque spots in the locality, generally prepare the way—you understand. To-morrow we come again. Tea out here—couldn't be pleasanter. Get into friendly conversation with the fair Annabel (I shall let you do that, I think, being older), and either then, or day after, humbly ask permission to do a sketch of some spot in the gardens—that reminds me, we must find one first—get established there, take as many days as we like, and finally, when things seem smooth, I ask to paint Annabel's portrait, which will give me the opportunity I want

of *tête-à-têtes* with the charming lady. See?"

"Excellent!" murmured the other, "and what do I do while the *tête-à-têtes* are going on?"

"You? Oh, my dear fellow, of course, being a pal, you'll make yourself scarce. Go and get busy somewhere else. I have it—there's the companion, I'd forgotten her. You can paint *her* portrait! Wait a minute now—I must get this right."

He pulled a letter from his pocket.

"Now, where are we?"—running a finger down the page. "Ah! This is what Mrs. Munn, the excellent late housekeeper at Deerhurst, says—I think I told you she was formerly in the guv'nor's service, and I wrote to her from Canada at once?"

..... Lady Annabel left here (Deerhurst) last week. She is now at Riverside Tea Gardens, Eddington, which she has taken for a year and intends to run as a business. She will wait at the tables herself in the afternoons, I understand, and will devote the mornings to gardening and fruit culture. I think myself that she will soon tire of the life, and that you will have a very good opportunity of making an impression on her in such a dull place. She is a very pretty young lady and lovable enough when you come to know her; but you will find her a bit haughty and stand-offish at first, and will have to be careful. She has been much upset and most obstinate about this will of the old gentleman's, and will not listen to a word from anybody.

"Deerhurst is now let, and I only stay here until the new tenant arrives, after which I go to Scotland, where I have been fortunate in obtaining a fresh situation. I forgot to mention that Lady Annabel has with her a friend who was at school with her. I hear they call themselves partners, but the girl is really a person of no importance, and as she has no money of her own is only acting as Lady Annabel's companion. You need pay no attention to her in any way.

"Hoping, sir, that you will have every success, and that in any case it will not transpire that I gave you this information,

"I am, yours faithfully,

"J. MUNN."

"Excellent Munn! It cost me a tenner, though, and will cost me more still if the game comes off. Infernal nuisance when you come to think of it, Hepworth, that I should be put to all this bother. Why couldn't our blessed old grandfather have left *me* the money straight away, with a strong recommendation in favour of marrying Annabel and taking on Deerhurst, eh? Think how simple matters would have been then.

"Instead of which, he goes and leaves *her* all his thousands, on the condition that she marries me before she's twenty-five. Cussed sort of thing to do, I call it! And his granddaughter, my fair cousin yonder, by way of

ENSNARING LADY ANNABEL

being cussed too, flies into a tantrum, refuses to listen to reason of any sort, and says she'll be hanged if she'll do as she's told. Won't even wait till I get home from Canada to see how she likes me—just says she's not going to be married for her money, intends to marry the man she chooses for herself, etc., etc., lets Deerhurst, pays off the servants, rushes into this mad business, and here she is. Just like a woman! So unreasonable! Always gives out that she's devoted to Deerhurst—which comes to her in any case—wants to end her days there, and all that sort of thing, and yet won't do the only thing that would enable her to keep up the place. She has precious little of her own if she doesn't marry me, I know that. It all goes to two or three bally old asylums!"

Hepworth laughed again. "Well, I must say I admire her for it myself. Shows she's got spirit. She looks as if she had though. It must have needed some courage too, to leave Deerhurst. Spent all her life there, hasn't she?"

"Yes. Kept house for the grandad those last five years since her mother died. Because of some confounded family quarrel, our branch of the family never went near the place for years. So she and I never met. It was all a piece of injustice too, and the grandad knew it. It was partly to make up, that he made his will as he did—that and the idea of keeping Deerhurst and the money both in the Gwynne family. If he'd only given me the tip beforehand I might have been somewhere near when the time came. Instead of which, there had I just selected that particular moment to try my fortunes out in British Columbia, in the most un-get-at-able of places, goodness knows how far from the rail."

His face was a study in injured expression. Hepworth suppressed a desire to laugh yet again.

"Never mind, Maurice, my boy. Heiress hunting seems likely to turn out good sport. The heiress is all she ought to be, anyway. I'm beginning to promise myself an interesting time. Glad I did come back to see you through. I'll back you up. Just give me the tip when the psychological moment comes for making myself scarce—by the way, would this be the companion, I wonder?"

A small demure figure was crossing the lawn towards them, carrying a tray to the

adjacent table, at which some other guests had just arrived. She wore a similar mauve linen frock and frilly apron to the beautiful Annabel's. Her hair, which was fair, of a shade which might be described as "ashes of gold," waved softly away under a large hat, also the same as the other girl's. A pair of soft, curiously expressive hazel-grey eyes glanced for a moment, without curiosity, in the direction of the two men, and away again.

"Yes, that must be she. What a little mouse of a thing! *She* won't give us much trouble."

They got up from the table, and walked away together to make the first move in the Machiavellian plot which was to end in the ensnaring of the Lady Annabel and her thousands. Fortune favoured them. In the little teahouse, presiding over a damsel obviously of a commoner class—who was engaged in measuring out strawberries from a big basket into smaller ones—they found the lady they wished to see.

While settling the bill, Maurice, avoiding in the nick of time the error in tactics of bestowing a generous tip upon the "waitress," managed to draw her into a brief conversation. He commented with enthusiasm on the beauty of the neighbourhood, mentioned their comfortable quarters at the inn, touched on their joint profession of "artist."

She thawed a little, becoming doubly charming, and in answer to their inquiries vouchsafed some information as to interesting spots in the locality.

"Capital! I've got my foot in now, I think," Maurice remarked complacently, as they turned out of the gardens. "Oh, you got some strawberries!"

Hepworth held up the little basket. "Yes, I noticed some names on the paper cover. I thought it would be as well if we found out, to begin with, what the lady calls herself. Here it is: 'Riverside Tea Gardens. The Misses Green and Maxwell.'"

"Green! Ha, ha! 'A change in name and not in letter.' By the way, I must have another name myself. I was forgetting that. What on earth—Smith, Brown, Jones? Rather obvious, perhaps. We'll try her own game. M-M-Martin—Martin Gore. That'll do. Just say that over to yourself two or three times, to get used to it, will you, old man?"

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The next day was a wet one. Tea in the garden would have been an absurdity. Nevertheless Hepworth had difficulty in restraining Maurice from rushing off there.

On the following afternoon, however, June asserted herself in all her splendour. The two men, duly equipped with artists' materials—somewhat suspiciously new—and get-up, strolled into the tea gardens at the usual tea hour, and took their places at the same table as before.

They were kept waiting for some time after Maurice had diffidently rung the little bell that stood on the table.

When at last a mauve-and-white figure came towards them, they saw, to their disappointment, that it was not Maurice's "Juno," but the little companion.

She was a little out of breath and heated, and Hepworth, at any rate, made the discovery that the hazel-grey eyes under the big hat shone like stars.

"I'm sorry to have kept you waiting," she said pleasantly, "but we are short-handed to-day. One of the maids did not come this morning, and my partner is away too. What can I get you?"

Hepworth, afraid lest she should notice the look of blank dismay on his companion's face, ordered tea hurriedly, adding for the latter's benefit:

"I wonder your friend can tear herself away from so lovely a spot for long."

The little waitress rose artlessly to the concealed question. "Oh," she said, "she's not gone for long. Only for the day, to London. She gets rather tired of the quiet life here, and likes a day off now and then."

"And you don't?" It was no business of Hepworth's, but the question slipped out.

"No. I'm used to a quiet life."

She went away to fetch the tea. Maurice, restored to cheerfulness, clapped his hands softly as she went.

"Capital, and still more capital!" he said, under his breath. "The excellent Munn prophesied that she would soon tire of the life. She is already doing so—and that's where I come in. Flirting, as we all know, is of all distractions the most—Ssh!"

The little waitress had come back. Gallant as ever, Maurice helped her to lay the table. He found her more amenable than her fellow waitress. But she was very quiet, and once or twice Hepworth noticed

that she glanced in a puzzled sort of way at the young man, as if there was something about him that she could not understand.

"Poor little thing!" the latter said, as she left them to attend to other customers. "Confoundedly poor life, being anybody's companion. Not a bad-looking little thing either. But Annabel quite puts her into the shade. She must set her up in something of her own when we are—h'm—Well, I hope Annabel shows up again tomorrow, anyway."

She did. She was in radiant spirits, too, after her "day off," and everything went merrily. The repellent hauteur of the first day had given way to a more friendly mood. Maurice's little attempts at gallantry were not nipped in the bud so unmercifully. She even let him walk beside her to the tea-house and back, on the pretext of carrying the strawberries which she could very well have carried herself.

Peter Hepworth, in his character of on-looker, thought he noticed a rather curious air of suppressed excitement about her which had not been there on the first day. But he put it down to the London outing and thought no more about it. Presently Miss Maxwell, "the little mouse," as Maurice had christened her, came to help her partner clear away the things, and, there being only a few other guests in the gardens that day, the four stood chatting together for a few moments, almost as friends.

Before the two men left, the desired permission to paint in the grounds had been asked for and given.

Maurice was in ecstasies. Nothing could be going better, he declared.

After this the friendship rapidly ripened. Every morning the two "artists" set up their easels in the spot selected—a placid corner by the river bank whence there was a peep of silver waters slipping past beneath the branches of weeping willows—and painted more or less diligently.

When the painting palled, as painting is apt to do upon the man whose real vocation is not art, they would stroll through the gardens, which stretched for some distance along the river, until they found the two girls at work among the strawberry beds or peach and vine houses.

The mauve linen frocks and frilly aprons were discarded in the morning. Both girls appeared workmanlike in short tweed



"Maurice had stepped to her side to alter
the hang of a fold of her dress"—p. 101.

Drawn by
Stanley Gaets.

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skirts, high gaiters, linen hats and roomy blouses. The beauty bloomed more of a beauty than ever in this simple garb, and the "little mouse" took on a winningly slim and boyish aspect.

Only on the first day or two did either of them display any of what Mrs. Munn would have described as "stand-offishness." Lunch-time on the fourth day found them all four diligently engaged in picking strawberries under a broiling sun, while the easels stood neglected in the cool spot beneath the willows.

If no painting, gardening, or strawberry gathering was done in the afternoon, four o'clock invariably found Maurice and Hepworth at their table on the tea lawn, having their wants attended to by a graceful vision in mauve.

Things were, as Maurice frequently repeated, "going At!"

All the same, Hepworth still noticed, at times, something curious though indefinable about the attitude of the girls. The occasionally returning air of suppressed excitement about the beauty now and then "gave him to think." Was it possible that she guessed anything? But if she did she apparently felt no resentment, for everything seemed to be shaping as desired.

But, truth to tell, his thoughts were more often drifting now in the direction of the "little mouse"—Hazel Maxwell, as he found her charmingly suitable name to be.

She was very quiet. In fact he came to the conclusion that of the two it was she who held herself most aloof. But then, of course, her position as companion necessitated her keeping a trifle in the background. Now and then, however, she let herself go—generally when the other two had wandered away—and he and she had one or two charming little conversations, which generally began on flowers or birds or dogs, and ended in the clouds. The "little mouse" had a soul, he found, and it looked out at these moments from the hazel-grey eyes.

But it was her attitude towards Maurice Gwynne that puzzled and—to his amazement he discovered it—disquieted and piqued him.

From the first she had seemed anxious at times to draw the younger man's attention to herself. She even went out of her way to be nice to him. Then she would draw back, finding herself unsuccessful,

and appear hurt or indifferent. At other times Hepworth would catch her watching Maurice with a curious wistful, half-sad look, or colouring uneasily when he seemed particularly attracted by the other girl.

Hepworth told himself that it was all nonsense, for the girl was nothing to him; but nevertheless he was conscious of the fact that he occasionally felt an almost fierce jealousy of Maurice—in spite of the latter's complete indifference to the one girl and apparent devotion to the other.



It was at the end of ten days that Maurice considered the *tête-à-tête* stage to be reached.

He intimated as much to his friend one morning, with the hint that the latter's "making himself scarce," as per agreement, would be esteemed a favour.

"She has consented to my beginning a water-colour sketch of her to-day," he announced sententiously. "And by the way, old man, why don't you try your hand at one of Miss Maxwell? That was my original idea. Have a shot at her. She's not a bad-looking little girl, really!"

"Don't be an ass!" his friend replied crossly. "D'you think I can't see that without your help? But I've not got such a confoundedly good opinion of my own talents as you have. The girl's a bit of an artist herself—d'you think I want to insult her by putting her face into the sort of daub that I can turn out? You cut along and do your portrait (save the mark!) and leave me to look after myself."

He went away, still unaccountably ruffled, and spent the day in a long walk to a neighbouring town.

On his return he found Maurice serene and self-satisfied, but with nothing definitely accomplished. It was arranged, he ascertained, that the sitting was to be continued the next day, which, being a Sunday, and the tea-garden closed, would enable "Miss Green" to spare more time.

The two girls were invisible in the morning, having gone to church at a distance, they found on inquiring at the cottage. After lunch, however, Hepworth strolled off alone for another walk, and Maurice, a trifle nervous, but still confident, made his way towards the settling of his fate.

It was a balmy summer afternoon. In

ENSNARING LADY ANNABEL

the rose-hung nook, the place selected for the painting, all was peace. The portrait progressed satisfactorily, and, the painter being not entirely without talent, was not unpleasing in effect.

"Miss Green" appeared pleased with it, at any rate. She wore the mauve linen dress and frilly apron in which he first saw her, as he reminded her sentimentally, and if she was conscious of any fatefulness in the air it only imparted a fresher colour to her cheeks and a brighter sparkle to her eyes.

It was towards the end of the sitting that the fateful moment came. Maurice had stepped to her side to alter the hang of a fold of her dress. She looked up coquettishly. He thought he saw encouragement in her eye. In two minutes the words were spoken.

It was not as passionate an avowal as he could have wished, because in spite of everything he was unable to drive from his mind the thought of her thousands. Still, it was neatly done, and would, he felt, pass muster.

There was a moment's silence, while "Miss Green" searched his face with those very bright eyes.

Then, horror of horrors! she *laughed*—a long gay trill of natural laughter which sounded in the unhappy suitor's ears like a knell of doom.

"It would serve you very well right if I said 'yes,'" she cried. "I've the greatest mind in the world to do it to punish you."

"But, darling—Annabel darling, my own; that's just what I'm asking you to do. You'll make me the happiest man in the world by doing it. You will indeed!"

"Oh, no, I shan't! And my name is not Annabel, either. It is the one you have known me by all along—Anna Green."

He had not meant to use her name or let her know that her identity was suspected until all was settled. He had made a mistake, but in his agitation saw no way out of it.

"Dear!" he protested uneasily, "need we keep up this—this farce any longer, between ourselves? Of course I knew and respected your reasons for taking another name. But I saw through the disguise and recognised my dear little cousin a long time ago."

She laughed again—disconcertingly, horribly.

"I'm afraid your eyes are too sharp, Mr. *Gore*! I am sorry to disappoint you; but I really am not your 'dear little cousin.' I am Anna Green. I have never been disguised at all. Your 'dear little cousin,' Lady Annabel, has been here all the time, but you wouldn't see her. Miss Maxwell is not very big, I know. Now shall I say 'yes'?"

"But—but—" the wretched Maurice stammered, "Mrs. Munn said—besides, I saw the letter addressed to you!"

"To Annabel," she corrected. "Annabel—or Hazel, as I always call her because of her eyes—and I are just like sisters. Why shouldn't I have her letter in my pocket? She had given it me to read. As for Mrs. Munn—of course if you listen to people like that! Stupid old thing! She hated me. She was jealous because Hazel would have me so much at Deerhurst, and make them all treat me like herself."

Maurice opened his mouth, but no sound came forth.

Miss Green waited a moment. Then she resumed :

"We knew who you were since the evening I came back from town. There was a letter from my fiancé. He's out in British Columbia. We're going to be married next spring. That's one reason why dear little Hazel took the gardens: to give me a chance of learning all the things one wants to know out there. Well, this is what he says :

"And now for something that will interest you. I've known a chap named Maurice Gwynne out here for some little time. I never connected him with your Lady Annabel until the other day. Then he began boasting that a large fortune had been left him on the condition that he married his cousin of that name. He had never met the lady, and it seems she has other ideas. He had made up his mind to go home, meet her 'unbeknownst' to herself, win her affections, and carry her off, together with the fortune.

"One can't blame him, I suppose. Still, he struck me as a bit cock-sure about it, and a trifle too cold-blooded for my taste. He evidently thought a lot about the money and very little about the girl. He's off next week. A friend of his, a decent chap named Hepworth, who came out from home a few weeks back for the shooting, is returning with him to see him through. I put two and two together, and thought I'd better give you the tip. Put Lady Annabel on her guard, so that she shan't be rushed. Not that I've anything against Gwynne. He's not a bad sort on the whole—rather a slacker—wants to be made to work, that's all. But you'll see for yourself. I don't think he'll waste much time. They ought to turn up about the time this letter does."

She folded the letter and raised the terribly bright eyes.

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"He wasn't far wrong, was he?" she remarked, surveying her victim thoughtfully. "I'm sorry. I dare say I have been rather a wretch. I did lead you on just a little bit, I suppose. But you kept on asking for it all the time. And it did serve you right, you know. You *were* cock-sure. *And* mercenary. *And* cold-blooded. You couldn't look me in the face now, and tell me that you really love me—*me*, Anna Green—to save your life. You know you couldn't!"

"I've been an awful fool, I know that," Maurice said miserably. "But, Annabel—Anna, I mean—I did—I do—I must say I do admire you most awfully, and—"

"Well, never mind—there's my boy in Canada, you know," she said hurriedly. "But as for the 'awful fool' part, you certainly have been one! There's that dear little Hazel, the sweetest girl that ever lived, been at your side all this time, and you wouldn't even look at her. She gave you lots of chances at first too!"

"Not that I mean she'd have had you. I don't think she would. But if you'd been nice to her, she would have explained things and made it all smooth, and saved you giving yourself away. She was against our keeping up any pretence half the time, and so sorry for you often. Only, even *she* couldn't help being a bit angry with you for being so mercenary, and I pointed out to her that nobody was really deceiving anybody. There we both were, and you could take your choice of which of us you proposed to. She hasn't bothered much about you these last few days, I'm afraid. She—"

Maurice turned blankly away and began putting up his painting materials.

"You needn't rub it in any more," he said, not without dignity. "It may seem a trifle to you, but it is a serious matter to me. However—"

A few minutes later, painting kit in hand, he lifted his hat and was turning away in silence.

Anna Green stepped towards him impulsively:

"Look here," she said, "is there anything I can do to make up? Perhaps if you should ever think of Canada again, you'll let me know. I think my 'boy' might be able to get you into something good. Will you?"

"Thank you," he said, "I have no plans at present."

He left her. His boyish face looked rather white, and as he crossed the velvety sward of the tea-garden for the last time, Anna, who stood looking after him with feelings a blend of compunction and satisfaction, could think of nothing but a whipped dog.



Hepworth was returning in haste from his ramble. During the solitary hours of this and the preceding day he had accomplished a good deal of thinking. The net result of this was a discovery as to the state of his affections and a resolution as to his future actions.

"I shall try my luck," he announced to himself. "I don't suppose I've got a chance when a beggar years younger than myself has attracted her. But I'll find out, and put an end to the matter."

And being a man of action, he turned about then and there and began retracing his steps in the direction of Riverside.

He was destined early to find the person he was in search of.

Striding along the quiet path which led beside the river, he saw above the sedges and waving grass a white lace sunshade. Drawing nearer, he discovered beneath it a little lady all in dainty white and grey. She looked up, startled, as he came upon her without warning. It was Hazel Maxwell.

She smiled at him kindly, and he thought that her colour had deepened suddenly. He was certain that his own heart had leapt at the sight of her, and was leaping still.

"All alone!" he said. "What a solitary little lady!"

"I don't mind," she smiled, "I am used to being alone."

He trampled a space among the sedges and sat down beside her.

"So am I," he said, "but I do mind. Which is why I am going to stay here with you. Why, what a swell you are!"

She was indeed. The Sunday frock was of a very different type from anything he had seen her in before. It had changed the quiet "little mouse" into a charming little beauty of the world in which frocks come from Paris and cost a great deal.

She smiled again, and her eyelids dropped. There had been something new in his eyes.

A book lay beside her, open on its face in the grass, as she had laid it down. She



"Two other lines were written in a clear, old-fashioned handwriting.
It was to these that Hepworth's eyes were involuntarily drawn"—p. 1014.

Drawn by
Stanley Davis.

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closed it, half nervously, for something to do, and said hurriedly :

" This is generally the companion of my solitary hours. I always bring it out with me when I'm going to spend a really lazy afternoon alone. It is such an old friend that I think I know every page by heart, and where to find everything I want. My grandfather gave it me on my eighteenth birthday, and it has been with me everywhere since."

Hepworth was a book-lover himself. Sympathetically he took up the volume and turned, as a book-lover will, to the title-page.

It was an anthology of verse. But above the lines which proclaimed the fact, two other lines were written in a clear, old-fashioned handwriting. It was to these, startling in their distinctness, that Hepworth's eyes were involuntarily drawn.

*"Annabel Gwynne. Deerhurst Court.
From her grandfather, on her 18th birthday."*

Annabel Gwynne ! Annabel—— He shut the book slowly. Slowly his eyes rose and met hers. Did she know ? And did she know that he knew ? Yes, in her face he saw the signs of guilt !

He smiled grimly. The boyish twinkle lurked in the depths of his eyes again. " So that's it, is it, *Lady Annabel !*" he said.

But Lady Annabel seemed incapable of sharing his amusement. Tears were rapidly rising in the hazel-grey eyes and her mouth was trembling. She faced him for a moment, then her little hands went up to her face, and she broke into sobbing.

" Oh, how you must despise me. A little —double-dealing—*beast !* Letting that poor boy—— Such a trick to play—I——"

Hepworth gave no more thought to " trying his luck " or " finding out " anything. He simply stretched out a long, strong arm,

and drew a little weeping girl to him, patted her shoulder, settled her head comfortably into the hollow of his own, whispered a good deal of nonsense into her ear, and finally wiped her eyes with a big sensible handkerchief which he took from his own pocket.

Lady Annabel made no objection whatever to this behaviour. Her head nestled into the place he had put it in as if it was the place meant for it. And so it came about that by the time she was able to attempt an explanation of the conduct whose duplicity she so deplored, the future was comfortably settled to the satisfaction of them both.

The explanation was rather a broken one, and it did not seem very important after all, in the light of this wonderful new thing.

" Poor Maurice ! " she sighed finally, her hand in Hepworth's. " But he was a mercenary wretch, really. And he wouldn't look at me. Oh, but Peter—poor, poor old Deerhurst ! It will have to go ! I lose my fortune, you know. I'm a beggar-maid—almost."

" Bless your little heart ! You shall have Deerhurst and anything else you want. I had a grandfather, too. He was Hepworth, of Hepworth's Sewing Machines, and he didn't make any fancy arrangements when he left his money. I'm still one of the directors of the company, and I think I can manage Deerhurst and a little more besides."

He laughed happily. He had been a lonely man, and it would be good to have someone to spend his money on.

Anna Green met them at the gate of the gardens.

" Mr.—Gwynne, has gone home," she said.

And this is how it is that several very excellent and praiseworthy institutions came lately into handsome legacies.





Homesgarth, Letchworth.
General view, with main building to the left.

Photo: Pictorial Agency.

CO-OPERATIVE HOUSEKEEPING

A Revolutionary Scheme for dealing with the Domestic Problem

By BEATRICE TILLY

Can Housekeeping be abolished? The wastefulness of one kitchen fire for two or three persons and the increased difficulty of getting domestic help are apparent to all interested. In the years to come will Co-operative Housekeeping solve the difficulties experienced by so many single persons and small families? This article shows that the idea is being tried: how far it will spread the future must reveal.

CO-OPERATIVE housekeeping has long been the dream of a few individuals, who have deplored the waste of time, effort, and money expended under the present system. "Why," they say, "should not one kitchen fire cook several dinners? And why should not the catering be done by one competent organiser who would devote her whole time to the housekeeping for a number of families, and thus free an equal number of women for work more congenial to them, and which they can do better?"

The Servant Problem

Those who advocate some such plan of communal housekeeping point to the difficulty of obtaining efficient domestic help, and to the strain undergone by professional and business women, married as well as single, who have to perform the double duties of housekeeper and money

earner. Penetrate into scores of homes on the outskirts of our cities and towns, and you find housewives eager to consider ways of lightening work, eliminating worry, and saving time.

On the other hand, there is in the Anglo-Saxon race a dislike to surrender any degree of privacy. "An Englishman's house is his castle," says the man. "We must have our home to ourselves," says the woman. Thus sentiment opposes itself to utility and economy, and has been one of the stumbling blocks to any such Utopian scheme as that of communal housekeeping. Another has been the presence of children, who must have space for play where their pattering feet and childish voices cannot prove a nuisance to others.

Plenty of people have, theoretically, attempted to get over these drawbacks; but, meanwhile, in cities the housing



Colonnade and Grounds,
Homesgarth.

Photo: 2
Pictorial Agency.

system has been changing and gradually leading up to the materialisation of what was once regarded as too idealistic, too fantastic for ordinary folk, viz. co-operative housekeeping.

First there was the spread of flats, with the proximity of families above, below, to right, to left, the one entrance door and stairway, the hall porter serving the multiple households.

Next there was, in large blocks of flats, the provision of a restaurant on the ground floor, open to the public, but also patronised by the flat-dwellers above. The building of women's hostels with their private bedrooms and cubicles, and their common rooms, and the conversion of large houses into residential clubs, have served to push the theorists on towards practical experiments.

The Final Push

Perhaps what may be regarded as the final push has been the success of the garden city and garden suburb movement, and it is in connection with these that the first co-operative housekeeping has been attempted. Any such experiment must be allowed half a dozen years before it is sufficiently tested to be pronounced a complete success. At present the earliest

attempt dates from two and a half to three years back, the interesting one at "Homesgarth," Letchworth Garden City. It is running satisfactorily, and, indeed, is a model enterprise, well worth investigation by those who would profit by the experience of this pioneer attempt.

The First Attempt

To those who cannot visit it in person the following description may prove illuminating and suggestive:

"Homesgarth" is a long, picturesque, gabled structure of some sixteen houses and flats ranged along two sides of a quadrangle with a connecting colonnade on the inner sides, and situated about three-quarters of a mile from Letchworth Station, with which it is connected by a straight, broad pathway. It stands high in three acres of ground, and on the edge of the Garden City, yet within about ten minutes' walk of the shopping centre, amid strong, bracing air, and built on clay, overlying chalk.

Eight houses and flats formed the nucleus of the structure, and included the main or administrative building for common use. In it are the dining-hall (a charming room with windows on opposite sides and dotted about with prettily

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shaped, bare wooden tables decorated with cut flowers, each table allotted to a tenant), a cloak-room, a telephone, a tea-room, and, upstairs, a reading and recreation room and a smoking-room. By the entrance door is a cycle garage. The dining-room adjoins the large kitchen and the premises allotted to the staff. These include two sitting-rooms, a bathroom, seven bedrooms—one large one and six smaller ones opening off a long corridor. The members of the indoor staff, which consists at present of a working manageress, a cook, a kitchenmaid, and two lady servants, should be in clover, for they live in a beautiful house in clean country air, are well paid, and are not overdone with cleaning, scrubbing, and dusting. A gardener is always at work, and there is a man to look after the furnace—which heats all the rooms by radiators—to collect and clean the boots, and to clean the windows.

To Suit All Purposes

The flats and houses vary from a small

flat containing a curtained bed-sitting room, a kitchen-pantry, and a bathroom, at a rental of £40, to a two-storeyed house with two sitting-rooms, three bedrooms, a bathroom, and a kitchen-pantry, at a rental of £64.

At first thought the rentals may appear high, but it must be noted there are advantages which over-balance these comparatively high figures, for they include rates, taxes, water, central heating, upkeep of the common rooms and of the public garden, the cleaning of boots, door-step, and the colonnade connecting the front doors with the administrative building.

Also to the good of the tenant have to be reckoned the inclusion of the cost of wages or keep of a servant (beyond the payment of a charwoman for cleaning once or oftener a week), payment for kitchen fire, and for renewals of kitchen ware and cleaning apparatus. Each tenant has, however, to pay for his own coal fire and gas for the bath geyser, and, of course, furnishes the flat or house himself.



Interior of Dining Hall,
Homesgarth.

Photo :
Pictorial Agency.

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If he rents a flat which shares an entry with another flat, neither pay for the light in the entry. There is inter-telephone communication.

The Tariff

The tariff for meals is quite moderate, and there is *no minimum payment required to safeguard the commissariat department*. This is greatly to the advantage of the tenant, who may order any dish on the menu of plain, well-cooked food, and even start with the sweet course. The charges for full breakfast, lunch, and dinner come to about 2s. 10d. a day (extra if served privately). To instance their moderation, 4d. is charged for meat, 1d. for a vegetable (bread included), 3d. for a sweet.

There are advantages in the "Homesgarth" system impossible of reduction to hard cash, in the saving of worry to the housewife, over catering and marketing, and incessant answering the ringing of the front-door bell—the plague of the suburban housekeeper—besides numbers of other advantages which women will understand. For middle-class people who want a fairly simple, quiet life, in touch with others similarly minded, yet near schools, halls, churches, and a picturesque garden city, "Homesgarth" is much appreciated. Those who like gardening can work at the beds by the houses, and do so with charming results.

Before long additions will, no doubt, be made to the two sides of the "Homesgarth" quadrangle, and Mr. Ebenezer Howard, who has so successfully materialised his ideal of co-operative housekeeping, has in mind all sorts of additions, including a crèche. He hopes to carry out a similar scheme for an industrial community, also to be worked by a company. Letchworth is an hour's run by train from King's Cross.

At Golder's Green

Melvin Hall, another interesting attempt at co-operative housekeeping, is in outer London, near Golder's Green Garden Suburb.

For twenty years Mrs. Alice Melvin had in mind a plan which has taken shape as the Melvin Hall Co-operative Housekeeping and Service Society. She found a

spacious house with large grounds on the Golder's Green Road, and made it the nucleus of what promises to be a big community. Two adjoining houses have been formed into an annexe, and additional buildings, even a quadrangle of flats and studios, are being planned on the other side of the central building. In some of these it is intended to accommodate families with children. The present premises contain forty-six rooms, and the ground covered by the houses and gardens is one acre.

On ringing at the front door one is ushered into the hall by a maid in a becoming blue uniform, and taken to the library. Evidently someone who understands a librarian's work has been busy here. The books are numbered and neatly ranged on shelves, while the central table is supplied with newspapers and weekly periodicals. "One of the residents is the honorary librarian," explains my cicerone; "the residents vote for the papers, and each subscribes a trifle towards the cost." This community of interest is the dominant note at Melvin Hall. Each resident takes a personal concern in the successful working of the undertaking, not from philanthropic motives, but from self-interested ones. The explanation of this is that when the limited company was formed it was determined that one of the conditions attached to occupancy should be the purchase of three shares of the company at £5 each. This assures a financial interest in the incoming resident, and justifies the term "co-operative" from a monetary as well as from a housekeeping point of view.

Tenants who eventually rent the new buildings will be required to purchase four shares of £5 each. One year's notice is required.

The Cost

The rooms of Melvin Hall are let singly or in suites of two or three, at rentals of 5s. to 11s. the unfurnished room, according to size and floor. For instance, for a sitting-room on the first floor, with a bedroom opening out of it, the payment is 10s. 6d. each room. The single rooms with recesses are much appreciated by bachelors and professional and business women out during the day. The tariff is

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quite elastic, being: First, full board at 15s. a week for four meals a day; second, 11s. 6d. for six breakfasts, six dinners, and full board on Sunday; third, 10s. 6d. for six breakfasts and six dinners; while the minimum rate is 6s. 6d. for breakfasts and dinner on Sunday. It may happen that a resident is at home three days only and away the rest of the week; in such case, loss to the management is obviated by fixing a minimum payment. When two people occupy one room, say at a rental of 9s. a week, the shareholder-resident pays the rent, and both, of course, select the meal tariff they prefer. A special tariff is available for meals brought to private rooms, and vegetarians are catered for. The meals are taken at small tables in the two dining-rooms looking on to the garden; these rooms are sufficiently large to accommodate the thirty-two residents at the following hours on weekdays: Breakfast, 8 to 9; lunch, 1 to 1.30; tea, 4.30 to 5; dinner, 7 to 8. On Sundays: Breakfast, 9.30 to 10; dinner, 1.30; tea, 5; supper, 8.30.

The common rooms are the library and the dining-rooms. The furnishing and upkeep of these and of the halls, staircases, and kitchens are paid for by the company. No extra charge is made for one electric light, for the use of the bath, or for cleaning windows.

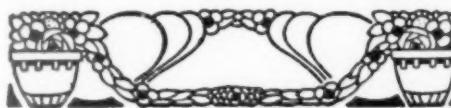
The Service

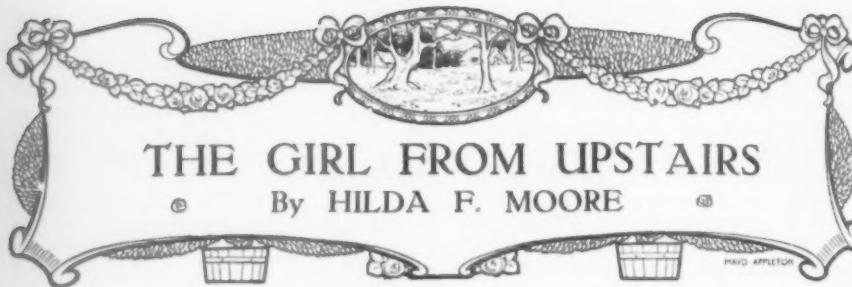
"What of the service?" will be asked by those who appreciate the difficulty of getting efficient help. Here again there is elasticity, for it may happen that a woman resident prefers to do some cleaning and tidying up herself, bed-making in particular being good exercise for those who lead a sedentary life; yet she may like to hand over to a cleaner the care of the fire and other items. In such case she could arrange to pay for a quarter of

an hour's service a day, or for two hours a week, at 5d. or 6d. an hour weekly. Boots are cleaned at 1d. per pair, and coal is paid for as it is used. There is a telephone, for the use of which members pay as at a public call office; while in the hall is a postal letter box, a great convenience.

These details are given to show some of the plans that have been proved successful and merit imitation. The staff works contentedly: the seven members have their own sitting-room and spacious offices and kitchen; their duties are well defined, and once a week each gets an afternoon and evening off. As to the garden, the residents take a practical interest in it, and have laid out croquet and tennis lawns, for, as previously remarked, all improvements, even those in the house and grounds, and extra consumption of meals, ultimately add to the profits of the shareholder-residents. The result is that though Melvin Hall was opened only as recently as November, 1912, the rooms could let twice over, and building operations have become imperative.

Just as at first people had to get an acquired taste for flats, so they must get an acquired taste for co-operative housekeeping. They have to consider themselves members of a community mutually dependent on each other's good sense and non-obtrusive society. They have to get away from the pattern of the boarding-house, the private hotel, and the hired room; but they will do it. In time, it is safe to predict, there will be co-operative housekeeping among all sections of the middle and industrial classes. Even old-age pensioners are experimenting at joint housekeeping and approving it; while the whole enterprise opens up an interesting field of work for gentlewomen trained in domestic science.





THE GIRL FROM UPSTAIRS

By HILDA F. MOORE

MAX APPLETON

TOM GRESHAM stood in the long, narrow hall, and waited.

He was not mistaken. In his fortnight's sojourn in the much-occupied boarding-house he had grown to know the light, quick, determined step of the girl upstairs. She was coming now, and Tom was watching her progress down the stairs.

She nodded gravely as her eyes met his, murmuring, "Good afternoon, Mr. Gresham," and then passed out into the wind-swept street.

Tom, chafing at the conventional beginning and ending she gave to any of his friendly advances, stood thinking for a few seconds, then suddenly put on his bowler hat and quickly followed her, his mind made up.

The motor-bus she was mounting at the corner of the street, although on the point of careering off, in no wise deterred him from his set purpose.

His sprint was a little record in itself, and he mounted triumphantly to the top of the bus and sat down on the seat beside her.

He looked at her, and smilingly raised his hat. "Good afternoon, Miss Webb," he said; "lovely afternoon, isn't it?"

"Yes, it certainly is," she replied, looking over the rail into the crowded street.

"Are you off out for the——?" Gresham was beginning, when the bus conductor broke in in quick, nasal staccato: "Fares, please!"

While the girl was fumbling in her bag, Tom seized another chance.

"Two tuppennies, please."

"But I only wanted——" Miss Webb was beginning, but Tom held the tickets, and the conductor had passed on.

"I can't think——" the girl made another effort.

"No, it was strange, wasn't it," put in Tom smartly, not one whit abashed by the freezing look from the dark blue eyes—he had never studied her from so near a place of vantage before—"both going the same way? I was going to ask you to take pity on me; I've felt so cramped since I came to London. Everyone seems on the rush and tear—there's no one to give a kind word or drop a friendly greeting to a cousin from the Colonies. I feel I must get out to somewhere, where I can expand a bit, or I shall get like some of those mummies in the British Museum. I've rushed round a whole lot of these fine old buildings and so forth, in the fortnight I've been over, but it isn't much enjoyment when you haven't a soul to exchange a confidence with. I get a sort of a heavy feeling when I go into a wonderful old building like St. Paul's, for instance,—as though I were a speck of dust tucked away in a corner somewhere, with a three-hundred-weight brick chucked down on top of me. When I saw you going out, I wondered if by any chance you might be going to Hampton Court. The chestnut trees are in bloom, and I guessed you'd want to see them."

Miss Webb's cheeks had grown pink, her blue eyes laughed. She made a little gurgling sound in her throat as though she had stopped a laugh there, and put up her hand to her neat little embroidered collar.

"I never heard such a singular expression before," she said, meeting the honest look in the grey eyes of the man. "I have known what it is to be lonely," she added; "but surely you are not the sort to want for friends? I always thought a man could find an 'Open Sesame' for such a want, which is debarred from a woman."

"Upon my life, I haven't met a solitary

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friend since I've been in London," he said earnestly; "since leaving the ship I haven't come across a soul I know."

"I should like to stay longer," she said, rising, "but I have to get down here."

"But Hampton Court?" he pleaded; "couldn't you spare the time?"

She shook her head smilingly, but decidedly. "To-morrow, perhaps, but I can't to-day."

He followed her down the steps of the bus and walked by the side of her up the street, speaking rapidly, fearful lest she should go before he had explained all he wanted to—now that the long-wanted opportunity had arrived.

"I've always wanted to spend a holiday in England, and I've been doing so well that I found I could manage it this year. I'm an Australian sheep-farmer, and it pays well, once you get going, you know. I've been exceptionally fortunate, too. I expect you know London well. I want to return primed up with some good impressions to think over and talk about when I'm back there. I wonder if you'd act as my guide in your spare time while I'm here? Treat it on a strict friendly business basis, and charge me what you think, excluding any expense to yourself, of course. I've wanted to ask you this before, but haven't had a single blessed opportunity. Now it's here, I'm afraid I'm making you some startling suggestions, but I know you'll take them in the sense I mean."

The girl's eyes were wide open, but the expression in them was unreadable to the young man before her, who, at his own bold suggestions, had flushed redly beneath the tan of his healthy skin.

Miss Webb's manner was very quick and decided, and the lift of her pretty round chin showed good, solid judgment and independence.

"I must go now," she said, "or I shall be late. I will think over your suggestion, and, if I can find the time, I will be ready to go to Hampton Court with you to-morrow afternoon at half-past two."

"Thank you," exclaimed Tom fervently, raising his hat; "I hope to goodness you will find the time."

Miss Webb laughed and hurried away.

The next afternoon Tom was waiting in the hall again. It was half-past two, and, although he heard footsteps, they did not



"His sprint was a little record in itself."

Drawn by
P. B. Hickling.

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sound like Miss Webb's. Nevertheless, here was the young lady descending the stairs, pulling on her gloves as she came, her natty dark blue costume and hat, with its suspicion of red in the trimming, looking most fresh and effective.

"I thought at first that it couldn't be you," he said frankly, the smile of pleasure at the sight of her lingering in his eyes; "until my eyes contradicted my ears. I see," he continued, as they walked along the street together, "that my meaning is a bit obscure. I've a habit of studying the sound of footsteps, and I can usually pick yours out from anyone else's at Corton House."

"Can you, really?" she said a trifle breathlessly. "One of my habits is the study of people's voices. I think everyone, more or less, has a turn for some particular characteristic in other people, don't you?"

"Yes," he replied heartily, giving himself up to the wholesale pleasure of the time; "I agree with you. Now," reaching the corner of the street, "which shall we do—bus it or taxi it?"

"Oh, I think bus, don't you? It's ever so much more fun watching the people, I think. But, of course," suddenly, "you do which you like."

"I certainly shall," he replied promptly, "by doing as you wish."

Tom Gresham's capacity for enjoying his opportunities to the full was made manifest during that sunny afternoon, and, his pretty guide entering into the novel spirit of the experience, they spent a most delightful time.

They chatted, laughed, exchanged a few broad confidences on their different lives and modes of earning a living. While sitting on a seat in one of the beautiful walks of Hampton Court, in a sudden silence, Gresham found himself studying his companion intently. He did not do it furtively, but openly, as was his way with everything.

Aware of his scrutiny, she turned a flushing face in his direction, and blue eyes met grey eyes for a moment in full contemplation before that silence was broken.

"What is it?" she asked, with a gravity that somehow suited the occasion.

"You must think I am abominably rude," said Tom, hastily apologetic, but not withdrawing his glance. "It's a bad habit of mine," he explained, bending forward, an

elbow on his knee, his firm square chin resting in the palm of his hand, "to look at anyone or anything while I'm turning a problem over, concerning them, in my mind."

"And what is the problem about concerning me?" she asked, lightly enough, although her hands, which had been clasped loosely in her lap, now tightened together in an involuntary gesture. Her eyes, too, had looked away from him, down the walk.

"Will you mind if I tell you?" he said.

"No," she replied, breathing quickly, and giving a little agitated laugh; "I suppose it can't be anything *very* dreadful, seeing that we are almost total strangers."

"Please don't say that," he said, swiftly impulsive; "I look upon you as my one friend in London, so don't deprive me of that great pleasure. No; what I was going to tell you is something that I expect will amuse you very much. It is simply that you seem different, somehow, from yesterday. You haven't got that air of independence to-day, and seem so shy every now and again, a characteristic that I should never have dreamt you had before."

"One can have moods," she said with a little smile, meeting his glance and swiftly looking away again.

She had grown pale, a fact that the short brim of her hat failed to hide.

"Certainly," he assented readily, "one can and does! I'm afraid," he added, "that I have tired you out. We certainly have made the most of our afternoon at Hampton Court. Shall we have tea now? It will be a good freshener up."

The girl gave a little sigh as they rose to go, whether it was caused by relief, or what, Tom at the time could not understand.

The air of shy diffidence that had fallen upon her on their walk lifted again in the congenial atmosphere of the busy tea-room. Nevertheless it puzzled Tom exceedingly.

"She struck me yesterday as being such an independent sort of girl," he thought to himself; "I don't know that I don't prefer her in this more dependent, shy sort of mood though. She's a splendid girl, anyway." His eyes were smiling as he took from her hand the cup of tea she had poured out for him.

"My third cup!" he exclaimed in mock horror. "But I must own up to a weakness for an afternoon cup of tea. Besides," he added, "you must take into consideration that these are small cups."

THE GIRL FROM UPSTAIRS



"I don't know that I've ever thought of it in that way," he said; "it's a pretty idea."

Drawn by
P. B. Hickling.

She smiled and nodded gaily across the table at him.

"I like to see a man enjoy tea," she remarked; "it shows such a healthy enjoyment of things, I always think. Moreover, I do like to hear a man own to enjoying tea, not gulp it down and growl about its being a feminine weakness."

Tom chuckled. "Said quite in the spirit of yesterday," he ejaculated.

"What? You mean—"

He nodded. "Yes, your independent spirit asserting itself."

"I'm glad to think you consider I have one," she said, not looking at him, and helping herself to a cake.

"Don't you think"—suddenly—"to return to the subject of tea, that you can enjoy it all the more if you drink it out of pretty china? I've enjoyed my tea so much this afternoon, because I've been admiring my cup in between whiles. Have you seen any china quite so pretty as this rosebud-sprinkled pattern?"

"I don't know that I've ever thought of it in that way," he said, keenly appreciative; "it's a pretty idea, and—like you, to think

of it. I shall dwell upon it in future, when, in my bachelor establishment over yonder, I drink out of plain, substantial white."

Miss Webb had finished. She had pushed back her plate and put her elbows on the table, linking her hands beneath her chin.

"Why don't you invest in just such a pretty tea-service before going back," she suggested, "to use on special occasions? You would enjoy it, and so would your friends."

"What a capital thought!" he exclaimed. "To be able to drink out of real English china, bought here myself, would be an everlasting novelty. Thanks for the suggestion. Would you go another notch of kindness farther and assist me in selecting a tea-service in due course?"

"I shall be delighted to," she replied.

"I can't tell you how I've enjoyed my afternoon," he said, as she was drawing on her gloves, preparatory to going. "I was feeling the loneliest outsider in all England, but, thanks to you, the prospects are as bright as the sun."

"I am so glad you think so," she returned; then added demurely, "I had no idea my

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services as a guide would be considered such a success. It is quite a new departure for me, I assure you, and the most pleasant work I have done so far. I should put it under the heading of 'Recreative work,' with a capital R and a very small w."

"You call some of my ideas original," he said, laughing down at her, "but I think yours are top-hole. By the way, Miss Webb, to descend to business matters, how would you prefer me to pay you—by the day or the week?"

"By the day," she said thoughtfully; "I think it would be better, in case I couldn't manage some days in the week."

"But you can come to-morrow, can't you?" he inquired anxiously. "I've been building on the Tower of London for to-morrow. You *can* come, can't you?" still more anxiously; "I'd buy up your services as guide for any sum you'd like to name. I'm not a poor man, and it's honestly acquired money too. Besides, I'm here for a good holiday, and I mean to have one. Please say you can come."

"Yes, I can manage to-morrow."

"And the next day?"

"Yes, and the next day."

He heaved a sigh. "Thank heaven!" he ejaculated. "And your charge?"

"Five shillings an afternoon."

"Rubbish!" he exclaimed; "why, your kindly services to such a lonely stranger as I are worth far more than that."

"But you pay the expenses," she said, "and my charge is five shillings an afternoon," she added imperturbably.

"I see," he said, smiling, but frowning slightly, "that that independent spirit of yours is latent at times, but ready to rear its head up on the least provocation. I have been thinking that as employer I should fix the wage. I do so accordingly. I fix it at a pound an afternoon, not a penny less! Moreover," quickly stopping an interruption by her, "if you don't accede to it, I shall feel reluctantly and sorrowfully compelled to resign your services. I couldn't possibly accept such excellent services and dole out for them such a miserable pittance as you name."

Miss Webb's cheeks were brightly flushed. "I can't argue the point as you do," she said, "I only wish I could. If—" then she stopped suddenly. "Very well. I'll agree, but I shall feel terribly overpaid, you

know. Fancy a pound a day for just enjoying myself!"

"You deserve every stiver of it," said Tom heartily, "and I only wish you'd take more."

The afternoons that followed were sources of the greatest enjoyment to Tom and his guide, and, in that never-forgotten round of sightseeing, the former grew to know that his bright, pretty companion had become something more precious to him than anything had ever been before in his three-and-thirty years of straightforward life.

It not being his habit to beat about the bush concerning matters of any sort, the avowal of his feelings came out with a blunt directness that startled his guide, while they were sitting down in a quiet corner of the Tate Gallery. Save for a straggler or two passing through, the room was empty.

"I wonder," said Tom, "if you feel as I do, you could do it? You know what I mean, don't you? Would you—could you trust your tender life to a rough fellow like me? Could you marry me and return with me to Australia when I go?"

The girl, shrinking away from his eager, honest gaze, with wide blue eyes, of a sudden tear-filled and frightened, put up her hands as though to ward off his words. "Oh, don't! Please don't!" she exclaimed breathlessly, fearfully. "I—I hoped you wouldn't speak about it."

"Then if you had hoped that," said Tom, fiercely seizing her hands, and holding them in a tight, warm clasp, "you knew, you guessed, I was growing to care for you—and—he moved nearer, searching the fathomless depths of the distressed blue eyes—"if you knew that, you—"

She wrenched her hands free and covered her face with them—a merciful shield from the eyes of the man who seemed to be able to read the very secrets of her heart.

"If you only knew," she said, her breath catching sobbingly on the words, "you would not ask. You—you have been so honest with me over everything—and when you know how you have been deceived, you will never forgive me."

She sat up suddenly, wiped her eyes, and bravely met his glance of puzzled intensity.

"I—I am not the girl you think I am!" she said, with quivering lips, "and I can't tell you about it until I am released from a promise I made."

THE GIRL FROM UPSTAIRS

"A promise? To whom?" asked Tom sternly. "And who else do you think I'm going to believe you are," his stern manner giving way to one of tenderness, as he regained possession of her hands, "but just the dearest little girl in all the world? I think I must have loved you from the first moment I saw you."

But she shook her head distressfully. "Oh, no, you couldn't," she said, "and, please, please don't say any more about it until I can explain. And—then—if you still feel you can care for me after—you know everything, I"—the colour rushed into her cheeks—"I will listen to you." This was in a whisper.

Tom bent his lips to the little black-gloved hands he held. "That is a promise," he said solemnly.

The same evening he was not so much astonished to receive a message via the landlady herself.

"Miss Webb has asked for the loan of my sitting-room for a little while. Would you mind going in there? She will be down in a minute or so."

Tom went promptly, and whiled away a few seconds with looking at the photos of Corton House boarders, past and present.

He turned as the door opened, and then stood aghast, as not one but two girls entered.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Tom, with a

little whistle of dismay, and for a brief moment stood staring—staring. The two girls, now standing side by side, were so alike in features, hair, height, figure and dress that no one, surely, could ever tell them apart.

And yet—Tom took a step forward eagerly, decidedly—there was a difference: one that no casual observer would have noticed, but an infallible one to Tom. The shy diffidence in the droop of the head of the one twin was lacking in that of her sister. It was unmistakable to Tom. He put out his hands joyously.

"Is this the deception?" he cried. "Well, it's a real pretty one, then—but I couldn't mistake you, if I tried!"

The other twin laughed softly, and went out, closing the door behind her.

With Tom's arms around her, and Tom's shoulder to rest her cheek against, his guide, in little sobbing catches of the breath, made a few disjointed statements.

"I was out of work—and Marion wasn't—when you asked her about the guide business. Marion told me, and asked me to stay on at Corton House while she was away for a few days with a lady to whom she is amanuensis. Marion said she was sure you were a good fellow. Marion is engaged to a good fellow, and she said she was sure you were worth falling in love with." The frankness of the latter statement delighted Tom.

He hugged his guide rapturously. "Then God bless Marion," he replied.



A PARABLE

FROM cold grey sky and lowering cloud
The rain is falling fast;
The trees stand huddled in a crowd,
And shivor in the blast.

But wait! The grey clouds flee:
The sun breaks through its veil, and now
With wondering eyes we see
A diamond chain on every bough!

MARGARET GIRGLESTONE.



A Unique Cross Sundial.

Photo by Author.

SERMONS ON SUNDIALS

With Texts Sad and Gay

By R. S. SMART

If we find "sermons in stone" assuredly we shall find them in the quaint, old-fashioned, picturesque time-keeper of other days—the sundial. The flight of time at once suggests a moral, and the fleeting sun enforces it.

IT would almost seem as if the sundial possessed an alchemy for creating philosophers, for whenever it is erected, in gay parterred garden, on ancient abbey walls, on the market cross of busy towns, or in the cloistered college, it ever creates the reflective mood, and is almost invariably embellished with a motto, inspiring, reflective, admonitory.

Already a list of over 1,700 sundial mottoes has been compiled, in varied languages and from many lands. It would be tedious to set forth a mere list of examples, and, diversified as they are, they can be grouped under three main heads.

"In the First Place"

A threefold division seems almost inevitable in writing, or writing about, sermons. When Rowland Hill visited Scotland he was told that Scottish hearers expected every discourse to have three heads, and accord-

ingly prefaced his first sermon as follows: "In the first place, I shall come right up to my text; in the second place, I shall go right round my text; and in the third place, I shall go right away from my text."

Scottish sermon tasters agreed that only under the latter heading was the preacher at home, and, lest I be accused likewise, let me "come right up to my text" and say that sundial sermons treat with these three main topics:

- I. The Illusiveness of Life.
- II. The Permanency of Life.
- III. The Responsibility of Life.

To say that life is fleeting is the veriest commonplace, although on a battered dial in an old garden I lately saw it stated in somewhat fresh language, thus:

"Was never a clerk so wise o' wit,
Nor yet so deep o' laire,
At morning tide that can foretell
Or night how he maye faire."

SERMONS ON SUNDIALS

Hopefully, dolefully, or stoically a hundred dials proclaim a similar message, and so characteristic is it of sundial lore that Austin Dobson has given this theme of the transitoriness of life as the typical sundial message in his beautiful "Sundial Verses":

"Tis an old dial, dark with many a stain,
In summer crowned with drifting orchard bloom,
Tricked in the autumn with the yellow rain,
And white in winter as a marble tomb;
And round about its grey, time eaten brow
Lean letters speak, a worn and shattered row:
'I am a shade; a shadow too art thou;
I mark the time: say, Gossip, dost thou so?'"

"Man is like to vanity: his days are as a shadow that passeth away" (Psalm cxliv. 4) is one of numerous Old Testament verses found on dialstones, and a quaint punning rhyme sometimes met with proclaims the same mournful message:

"Life's but a shadow, Man's but dust;
This dial says, Dy'al we must."

Church spire and garden dial alike enforce it. On St. Cuthbert's Church, Edinburgh, is a dial with the motto, "Vita Fugit" ("Life Flies"); another warning comes from a tower which bears both a clock and sundial, "Watch, for ye know not the hour"; and in a lovely terraced garden I have seen a

dial with no more hopeful message than this: "Vene, Vide, Vale" ("Come, See, Farewell"). The Epicurean motto, one of the most popular of all sundial sentences, "Horas non numero nisi serenas" ("I only count the sunny hours") is surely better than that.

Fleeting Indeed!

"Eheu, Fugaces!" ("Alas, how fleeting!") was another pessimistic motto placed upon a dialstone in the garden of Dr. Young, author of "Night Thoughts." In this case, however, it proved particularly apposite, for the very evening the dial was erected thieves broke in and carried it away. "Watch and pray, Tyme is short," inscribed on a vertical dial on the wall of the famous old Yarrow Church; "Tak' tent o' Time, ere Time be tint, for Time will no' remain," and "Sic Transit Gloria Mundi," are similar mottoes repeating the truth which even the youngest of us all too speedily apprehends.

More Cheerful

Turning to the more cheerful side of things, let us look at our second group, the mottoes which speak of the Permanency of Life:

"Amydst ye flowers
I tell ye hours.



"Glimmering through the laurels at the quiet evening fall,
In the garden by the turrets of the old Manorial Hall."

Photo by
Author

THE QUIVER



In Abbotsford Gardens:
Sir Walter Scott's Dial.

Photo by
Author.

Tyme wanes awaie
As flowers decay.
Beyond ye tombe
Fresh flowers shall bloome.
See man shall ryse
Above ye skies."

So runs an ancient dial verse; and a similar thought is embodied in the motto chosen for a modern dial, erected in the grounds of a girls' school at St. Andrews in memory of a beloved official. On the topmost step of the pedestal, and faintly visible in our illustration, is the inscription: "Tenebrarum immemor lactus solem excipio" ("Forgetting the darkness, I joyfully hail the light").

"With warning hand I mark Time's rapid flight
From Life's glad morning to its solemn night,
But, by the dear God's grace, I also show
There's Light above me, by the shade below,"

sings Whittier, the Quaker poet, and many dialstones proclaim that "The path of the just is as a shining light, shining more and more unto the perfect day."

Some London Mottoes

On the Temple Garden sundials, to which Charles Lamb referred in his essay on "The

Benchers of the Inner Temple," the mottoes are allhortatory, and amongst them is that motto—so eloquent of the Responsibility of Life, and the most frequently met with of all sundial texts—"Pericunt et Imputantur." "They pass and are judged" may be taken as its free translation, and it proclaims that, however fleeting may be the hours, their record is indelible.

"Ut Vita Finis Ita" is the text that meets the eyes of thousands of Londoners daily. It is inscribed on the dial of Chelsea Church, whose tower is another example exhibiting both a clock and a dial, and its message is similar to that of the cloistered dial of Fountain Court: "As the Life is, so is the End."

"Vestigia nulla Retrosum" ("There are no footmarks backwards") is another Temple Garden motto; and in Lincoln's Inn we find "Ex hoc momento Pendet aeternitas" ("On this moment hangs eternity").

In Abbotsford

A motto from the Greek was chosen by



Obelisk Dial in the
Famous Drummond
Castle Gardens.

Photo
by
Author.

SERMONS ON SUNDIALS

Sir Walter Scott, and you can still see it round the four sides of the tiny dial—now denuded of its gnomon or pointer—which stands in the garden at Abbotsford. On an archway above is an inscription: "And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day." Velvet lawns are spread around, and within hearing is the murmuring Tweed; but lest these pleasant groves should lull him into inactivity, Scott had graven on his dial: "NYΞ ΓΑΡ ΕΡΧΕΤΑΙ" ("For night cometh").

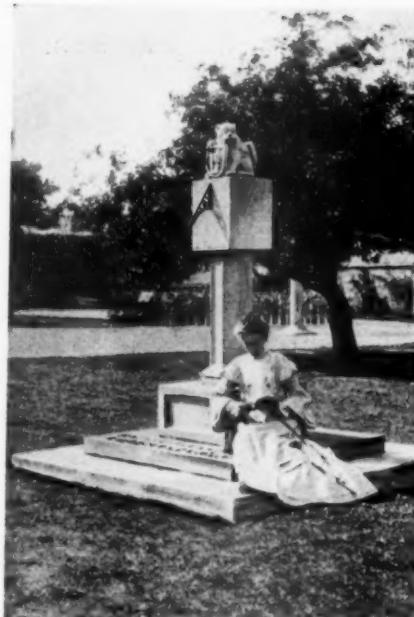
In his "Journal" there is a pathetic reference to this circumstance. Scott was in the throes of that heroic struggle by which the lonely, broken and dispirited man cleared away that avalanche of debt which had descended upon him in the height of his prosperity, when he heard of the death of an old friend. The tidings came as a grim warning, a sharp spur to further activities:

"I must work while it is called day," he wrote in his diary, "for the night cometh when no man can work." I put that text many years ago on my dialstone, but it has often preached in vain."



Sundial at Balcarres House, Fife, where "Auld Robin Gray" was written.

Photo
by
Author.



Modern Dial at St. Andrews.

Notice the quaint ornament on top
and inscription on step.

Photo
by
Author.

So once more he returned to the task and grappled with it, in the words of Carlyle's noble eulogy, "years long, in death grip, strength to strength. And it proved the stronger, and life and heart did crack and break, the cordage of a most strong heart."

Two Days' Work To-day

"Do to-day's work to-day" is also an excellent piece of admonition (although it was misconstrued by "Punch's" workman, who exclaimed: "Do *two* days' work to-day—not me!"); and George F. Watts, another great and noble worker, has inscribed on his beautiful terra-cotta dial the inspiring trumpet call: "The Utmost for the Highest." Sweetest of all is the motto graven on an exquisite dial in a lovely old English garden:

"Hours Fly,
Flowers Die;
New Days,
New Ways,
Pass By.
Love Stays."

Live by the Dial

With the modern cult of the garden has

THE QUIVER



A Handsome Lectern Dial,
in Garden, of Formal Type.

Photo by
Author.

come a fashion for sundials, and no one now considers a garden complete without its dial. It should be remembered that sundials give accurate time on only four days of the year—“and then it is raining,” some cynic says. But to live by the dial instead of the stop-watch would be good for many of us, and the divergence at its greatest is only a matter of from one to sixteen minutes. Most dial plates give the correction, fast or slow, for each period of the year, and thus an approximation to “mean” time—Greenwich time—can be obtained somewhat in the

same way that Captain Cuttle manipulated his watch: “Set it forward half-an-hour in the morning and back a quarter in the afternoon, and it will do you credit, my boy ! ”

Even this aberration on the part of the dear old sundial would not have been discovered if astronomers had not been so pedantically accurate about solar calculations. Indeed, the fault is that of the sun, which instead of completing its circuit with proper punctuality in 365 actual days, stays out late five hours forty-eight minutes and forty-five seconds in each year. Hence the device of leap year. To endeavour to keep step with the light-giver, we put in February 29th in each four years; and that being just a little too much, we drop it out every hundredth year. That, again, is rather too little, so we keep it in every fourth century, and probably are not sure of ourselves even then.

This retained-dropped-out leap-year day will come round in A.D. 2000, and those of my readers who wish to be prepared will make a note of the fact. Wiser ones will let it go and be content if sometimes in this bustling world they can time their days by

“That happy dial which can dream and slumber,
Lulled by the incense of a thousand flowers:
Where never shadow falls except to number
The tale of shining hours.”



Castle and Dial, Glamis.

Photo by Author.

PEPPER AT THE PICTURE-HOUSE

A Cinematograph Friendship

By KATHLEEN BAYLISS

IT was by devious ways that Pepper and Mr. Arrowford came to their first meeting at Shenston's Grand Cinematograph Theatre. Pepper's way had been the shorter, in that it had only taken him eleven years to travel from the inexpensive but love-lined cradle, which befits the son of those who have made what people call an improvident marriage, to the chill hospitality of Aunt Maud's house, from whence he had escaped on that memorable Saturday afternoon, to be a free human boy again for an hour or two.

Aunt Maud was prepared to do her duty by her dead sister's fatherless boy, but her ideas of duty did not stretch as far as cinematograph shows. Therefore, Pepper's pleasures were purchased at the cost of a fortnight of rigid economy, and were enjoyed accordingly—to the very last farthing's worth.

Mr. Arrowford's journey had been a longer one, and he had been travelling for, at the very least, fifty-three years, before he can be said to have taken the first step on the path which was to end in the plush-covered seat by Pepper's side. This first step consisted in the discovery that much gold lay for the finding in the soil of his Australian ranch.

When the full realisation of his good fortune came to him, Mr. Arrowford sat down before the door of his hut, overlooking a large sweep of this same ranch, and smoked two pipes through slowly, while he considered what he should do next. He was a simple, kindly man, with a weakness for novel-reading. And a consideration of the dilapidated backs of the paper-covered books, piled side by side with the saucpans and groceries on his rough shelves, suggested that the proper rôle for him to play now was that of the benevolent rich uncle, whose wealth gives him the power to act as a kind of cross between Santa Claus and a fairy godmother.

"Maria had a daughter," said Mr. Arrowford. "I'll write to the lawyer chap, and see if he can find out anything about her.

She must be grown up now, married perhaps. I wonder." His eyes wandered from the books out into the starlit spaces of the night. "I wonder if she's got—a boy?"

For a boy was a wonderful thing in Mr. Arrowford's eyes. A constitutional shyness and clumsiness in the presence of women had prevented him from marrying; besides, as he would have said, he had had no time. But the few boys who lived in the lonely places of the earth, whither his quest of a living had taken him, had all found a good friend in the badly built man with the bushy beard and deep-set hazel eyes.

"If Maria's daughter has got a boy, it 'ud be 'most as good as my own," he said, "being my own sister's grandson. Perhaps they'd let me call him Arrowford."

He wrote to the lawyer, and asked for a cable in reply. When that cable came he wrote two other letters: one was to the steamship company, booking his passage home to England by an early boat; the other was addressed to Mrs. Barnicot, and the answer to it, in the form of another cable, reached him just as he was starting.

"Husband, self, boys and girls delighted to welcome you," it said.

"Boys!" said Mr. Arrowford. And during the voyage home he several times became almost garrulous on the subject of the great things which his nephews were going to do. Only once, when a lady tried to make herself agreeable to the new millionaire by asking the names of these wonderful boys, was their great-uncle embarrassed. After that he carefully avoided feminine society.

As he had expected, a letter was waiting for him at Teneriffe. Mrs. Barnicot wrote with charming frankness. "Your letter was a great and delightful surprise to us," she said. "Of course, I had often heard my mother speak of her younger brother, Luke; but I knew that for many years before her death she had heard nothing of you. We shall be glad to see you, because I, for one, believe in the old proverb that blood is thicker than water. And I do not pretend

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to deny that we are also glad to hear of your good fortune. Only people of limited means, like ourselves, realise what a great power money is."

That was the part of the letter which he liked best.

"Limited means," he would chuckle to himself, with a remembrance of the novels. "That's pinching and screwing. Seems about time I did turn up here. I'll show them; we'll paint the town red a bit!"

As a matter of fact, Mr. Arrowford's "red" would never have been anything more desperate than a modest pink. His was a gentle soul. Nevertheless, he liked to enjoy himself; and it was a pity that Hilda

face, but it was scarcely a flush of pleasure. Her mother bore it smilingly, but the smile became a little strained; she touched her hat with deft fingers, and smoothed down her furs as a bird would smooth ruffled plumes.

It was those furs which first troubled Mr. Arrowford. He sat opposite them in the taxi, and his gaze wandered from the



"Their faces had fallen when he owned he was looking forward to seeing the Tower again."

Drawn by
C. E. Brock.

Barnicot's ideas of enjoyment should have been limited to a desire to be, do, and wear always what she considered the "correct thing."

The differing point of view was apparent even at Waterloo, where Mr. Arrowford, stirred out of his usual shyness by the excitement of meeting these women of his own blood, women to whom he was about to give all that their hearts could desire, kissed both her and the long-legged girl who had been introduced as "Annette." Annette flushed crimson all over her sallow little

softly shaded squirrel to the smart hat above it. He was no authority on women's dress, but he felt that a neat black coat and skirt, and threadbare gloves, would have fitted in more appropriately with the limited means which had lent such lustre to his dreams.

He soon learnt that the trouble of Mrs. Barnicot's life was not so much that her means were limited, as that her ideas were unlimited. The well-furnished house and three trim maid-servants represented poverty in the eyes of a woman who yearned for Mayfair and a butler.

PEPPER AT THE PICTURE-HOUSE

But the home-comer's greatest disappointment was—Basil.

The sight of a handsome boyish face, looking from between the lace curtains as the taxi drove up to the house, had filled Mr. Arrowford's heart with a glow of warm excitement. There was the boy, waiting eagerly, as his mother had said, to greet the new uncle. Mr. Arrowford had seen himself an old man, with one hand on the shoulder of a splendid lad who had done most of the things worth doing that the world has to offer, the shoulder of his adopted son, Basil Barnicot Arrowford.

"This is Basil," said Mrs. Barnicot's voice. "Basil, come and shake hands with your uncle."

Mr. Arrowford knew better than to expect any demonstration of affection; but this boy was not shy, only his hand-shake was limp, and his eyes were critical, also he was rather older than his uncle had expected, fourteen at the least.

"You have another boy?"

"Baby is out now," said Mrs. Barnicot. "You shall see him directly he comes in."

But Mr. Arrowford had lost interest; he did not care for babies.

"You would like to see your room now? Your boxes shall be taken up at once."

"Yes, I'd like to unpack." He turned to the boy, who was watching him curiously, somewhat as a man might watch a strange animal which might be amusing, but would certainly be a nuisance. "Do you collect anything—stones, plants, butterflies? I've got some of all kinds in my trunk."

"I only go in for stamps," said Basil. "My collection is worth about fifteen pounds."

Mr. Arrowford was rather puzzled; collections had not been valued in terms of pounds, shillings and pence in his young days.

Mrs. Barnicot frowned. "I'm sure Basil will be delighted to see your things, uncle."

"Of course I shall." But there was no delight in the rather sulky young face; and, when the many odd things which the man had collected in his roving life were at last unpacked, Mr. Arrowford could not help noticing that the boy's boredom was only lighted by a spark of interest when his attention was directed to something of real intrinsic value.

The next day, however, things went more smoothly.

"Basil was cross yesterday, because mother made him stay away from a *matinée* to see you," explained Helga, who was a smaller reproduction of Annette. "He's nicer to-day, because mother's been telling him—"

"Shut up, Helga," said the elder sister, looking up quickly from her novel. But Mr. Arrowford was left wondering exactly what Mrs. Barnicot had been telling her elder son.

Two days later his curiosity was, to some extent, gratified. He had suggested taking the two elder children up for a day in town. Both Basil and Annette had been delighted, but their faces had fallen when their simple-minded relative had owned that he himself was looking forward to seeing the Tower once again, and was really excited at the thought of revisiting the Zoo.

"The Tower and the Zoo," Basil, down in the hall, was saying as his great-uncle came out of his bedroom door; and the tones, shrill with disgust, rose clearly to the landing. "A kid's game. Anyway, I hope mother's right in what she told me about the cash. She ought to be; it's a bit rough to have to go about with a chap who looks as if he came out of the Ark. Mater might, at least, make him get some decent togs."

Mr. Arrowford closed his door sharply behind him, and, in a moment, the voices in the hall were silent. But in that moment a dream died.

Nevertheless, the rich bachelor uncle played his part through the day to the best of his ability—and learnt many things. He learnt, for instance, that it was the right thing to be bored by sights which stirred the eternal child in his own heart to a reverent wonder; that feminine thirteen may infinitely prefer a jeweller's to a toy shop; that comfort and velvet-covered seats are indispensable adjuncts to youth's enjoyment of a performance, and finally that certain old-fashioned ideas about simple food for healthy appetites were "all rot."

He was unfeignedly thankful that Mrs. Barnicot had suggested return by the six o'clock train which her husband usually caught. But the children had disliked the idea; and, as they all four walked home from the station, Annette pointed to a brightly lit building.

"Couldn't we go in there for a bit?" she said. "The quarter-to-seven show is just

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going to begin, and it's so stupid to finish a treat-day by going home before bed-time."

"Yes, dad could take word to mother. She won't mind."

"Would she?" Mr. Arrowford looked at the man who had married his niece. He was rather impressed by the perfection of his clothes; otherwise there did not seem much to notice about Horace Barnicot.

"I don't think so, but you must be tired. Don't you want your dinner?"

"No," said Mr. Arrowford, for the meal was still a trial to him. He had not yet outgrown his fear of disgracing himself in the chill eyes of the parlourmaid. "I shouldn't think it would hurt them to miss it either," he went on, with a memory of the almost incredible number of cream buns and chocolate éclairs for which he had paid an hour previously.

"You dear uncle," said Annette. But he received her caress very calmly, and walked to the desk to take three front-seat tickets. He had learnt his lesson.

In his eyes the show that followed was the glorious crown to a disappointing day. Curiously enough, he had never seen a cinematograph before. He laughed at the comic pictures till Annette fidgeted nervously in her seat, the pathetic dramas brought a lump into his throat, and the scenes of wild life woke in him a strange home-sickness. There was one picture called "The Trapper's Boy." Mr. Arrowford followed it with keen attention, and, as the gallant figure of the child-hero was followed by the darkness of the screen, he turned to the boy at his side.

"How d'you like that?" he asked.

"Piffle," said Basil briefly. "I wish they'd put on one of the funny French things."

So the next time that Mr. Arrowford went to the pictures he went alone; also, for some reason which he could hardly have explained to himself, he sat in the cheaper seats.

It was Saturday afternoon, but the place was by no means full. Through the darkness that veiled the hall the man was conscious that someone had entered just as the pictures started, and had taken the seat next but one to his own. When a very light film threw a reflected light over the audience, he realised that his new neighbour was a boy, a boy with a shock of dark red curls.

"By gum!"

It was not a pretty expression, it would have horrified Aunt Maud, but it was wrung from Pepper's very soul by the excitement of seeing real Indians ride headlong on the trail of the lad who was riding to warn settlers of a rising of the tribes.

Mr. Arrowford heard the muttered exclamation, and turned eagerly. His attention was henceforth divided between the film and the shining eyes that watched it.

The next pictures told a story of cowboy life. One of them was suspected, wrongfully, of murder; the sheriff came to arrest him.

"He didn't do it, sir," cried a breathless voice. Then Pepper remembered where he was, and hung his head, blushing scarlet in the darkness.

But Mr. Arrowford rubbed his hands, and began devising plans for making the acquaintance of "the first real boy he'd struck."

The man who brought round chocolates in the interval afforded him the wished-for opportunity.

"Chocolates, sir?" said the man. "Toffee?"

"No, thank you," said Pepper; but his eyes were wistful.

The man with the tray passed on.

"Chocolates, sir?"

Mr. Arrowford leant across the empty seat. "Don't you like sweets?" he asked.

Manners, truthfulness, a pride which he had inherited from that brave, dead mother, and a weakness for sweets that was all his own, fought things out in Pepper's heart. Then he said, trying to satisfy all claims, "I'm not going to buy any to-day, thank you."

"But I am; help me to choose. Butterscotch?" He remembered Annette's scorn.

"Or this new marzipan stuff?"

"Butterscotch, please," said Pepper, and his new friend's heart warmed towards him.

"Shall we have some chocolate, too?"

"Yes, please," said the natural boy. Then the quick red surged up into the freckled face as Pepper feared lest he had been greedy.

"Good breeding there," thought Mr. Arrowford, delighted.

During all the intervals granted for the change of picture reels, the man and the boy talked, sometimes of the pictures, sometimes of Pepper's future. Nature



G. E. Brook

"His attention was henceforth divided between the
film and the shining eyes that watched it."

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Drama by
G. E. Brook

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having made it impossible for him to be a red Indian, he was merely hesitating between the rival claims of a cowboy's calling and the work of an explorer.

"Though Uncle Henry says he'll get me a job in the office as soon as it's decent to take me away from school," he finished mournfully.

"Uncle Henry?" said Mr. Arrowford, envy of this unknown man rising in his heart.

"Yes, I've lived with him and Aunt Maud ever since mother died."

"Oh, they adopted you?"

Pepper thought it over. "Well, they keep me," he said. And Mr. Arrowford understood.

At the close of the performance he said anxiously: "When shall you be coming here again?"

"I don't know." Pocket-money was rather an uncertain quantity.

"Because," said Mr. Arrowford, "I'm coming next—next Tuesday evening. Could you meet me outside then? Your aunt would not object, I suppose?"

"No," said Pepper. "She doesn't mind anything as long as I don't bother her; but—" Little gentleman that he was, he hesitated.

"I shall have two tickets for the first show, and I shall be glad if you will use one of them. They're advertising pictures of Australian life, and you'd like those. I am wondering if there will be any places I know."

"You! Have you been there?"

"I've just come back."

"Tell me about it, please do."

They were out in the street now, and Mr. Arrowford told stories of the great sunshiny land as they walked through the misty rain which was just beginning to fall. Pepper's coat was thin, and sometimes he coughed; but always he listened, eager eyed. And Mr. Arrowford talked on, scarcely noticing where he was going, till they stopped before a small house in a row of dingy villas. The cheap white curtains, the neatly mended blinds, everything about the place, proclaimed that the owner's means were limited in a very different degree from Mrs. Barnicot's. Mr. Arrowford felt a little decrease in his scorn for the uncle who could think of putting a boy like this in an office, for the aunt who so evidently did not appreciate

her privilege in being allowed to "keep him."

"I'm afraid I can't ask you to come in," said Pepper. "Mother"—he hesitated, as always when he spoke the dear word—"mother would have loved to hear all about the blue gums and the birds and things; but aunts are different."

"Of course," said Mr. Arrowford. "I understand. Shall we say half-past six on Tuesday?"

When he got home Basil was hanging about the hall. He came forward to take his uncle's overcoat; and Mr. Arrowford became instantly penitent for certain thoughts which he had harboured since a shabby door had parted him from dark red curls which crowned a white, freckled face.

"And what have you been doing today?" he asked, standing before the hall fire, resolved that he would try to win this boy's confidence. To talk to a boy had not seemed difficult half an hour ago, but already he felt chilled and awkward, and Basil's next words did not tend to improve matters.

"School," said the young man. "And, uncle—there's a chap there who has a camera to sell, dirt cheap. I could get it to-morrow for thirty bob; a good one, too."

"Could you?" said Mr. Arrowford sharply. "That's more than I had to waste on toys in all my young days."

Basil, with no friendly look, went into the drawing-room; and Mr. Arrowford fancied that night at dinner that his niece's cordiality was wearing a little thin. Also his conscience, for some reason that he could hardly have explained, was pricking him. So after dinner, when he found Basil lounging in a chair with a magazine, he said:

"Perhaps it would be as well, if that camera really is a good one, to get it to-morrow. I'll stand treat."

"Thanks very much." Basil came slowly out of his sulks. "Hope you didn't mind my telling you; but, of course, though it's very decent of you to make me your heir, as mother says you will, what a chap really wants is some ready cash."

"It is, is it?" For a moment the man stood looking down on the boyish face that had already begun to lose its charm. Then he went straight to his own room, and sat down on the bed.

PEPPER AT THE PICTURE-HOUSE

"The young pup ! He'd see me dead to-morrow with pleasure. Why on earth did I write that fool letter to his mother ? I ought to have looked round a bit first."

Because the words that he had written in excitement seemed to be understood as a promise, this simple man, to whom his promise had ever been as a sacred thing, saw nothing for it but to abide by them.

But he went to sleep counting the days till Tuesday.

do. Just fancy, she kept us both for years by her typing. When she was very tired we used to plan how I would work to keep her some day, and always she wished most of all to go away to where it was sunny."

"Ah!" said Mr. Arrowford, and because he had seen tears in the brown eyes he looked away.

"Oh, that fool letter!" he said again as he walked home.

But the next morning he received news that, for the time, put Pepper and his con-



"Mr. Arrowford found himself with a worried-looking woman. He talked, and to some purpose"—p. 1038.

Drawn by
C. E. Brock.

He went to the Picture-house with his pockets filled with queer stones, a snake-skin, and other oddities which belonged to the life he had left behind him. They made the pockets bulge rather badly ; but Pepper did not mind that. He looked at his new friend with eyes whose friendliness was lit with the keenest interest.

"You've seen it all ?" he said. "You really, truly saw this chap killed, and know where they dug this stuff out ? Oh ! mother would have liked talking to you. She always longed to travel ; but we couldn't. You see, dad died, and there was her work to

cerns out of his head. The mine was not proving such a success as had been anticipated. It almost seemed as if the vein of gold were already coming to an end, in which case Mr. Arrowford's fortune would also disappear. For a fortnight there was uncertainty, and the passing to and fro of many cabled messages ; and during this time Mrs. Barnicot's manner might have served as a fairly accurate barometer for the state of her uncle's financial affairs. At the end of the fortnight she announced that her old friend Ella Banclay had written to ask if she might come for a visit.

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Mr. Arrowford looked up.

"I suppose," said his niece reluctantly, "that I shall have to put her off." And she looked straight at him.

"You needn't. I—I must get back, to see if there's anything to be saved from the smash."

Mrs. Barnicot protested with her lips; it saved her self-respect to do so; but when her uncle persisted that he must catch the next mail boat she was intensely relieved. They were having breakfast, and she pressed him to have a third cup of tea, even volunteering to have a fresh brew made; but Mr. Arrowford refused, and went upstairs to pack as if a weight were lifted from his shoulders.

"Turned out, by Jove!" he muttered. And as Basil passed outside his door whistling, he smiled. "Well, anyway, he isn't heir to my money any longer; they won't mind who's heir to my poverty."

Then he went out to keep an appointment with Pepper at a tea-shop.

The boy looked ill, his cough was more frequent.

"You ought to see a doctor," said Mr. Arrowford, "and get some medicine for that cough."

"I did. Uncle Henry made aunt take me, and the doctor said I didn't want any medicine—but he gave me some, worse luck!"

"What did he say you wanted?" asked Mr. Arrowford quickly.

"I don't know; it's something that aunt said was impossible, something about a winter down South, I think. Aren't you going to try one of these ripping cakes?"

But Mr. Arrowford was deep in thought; he took out an old envelope, and made calculations on the back of it with a stump of pencil. "Two passages," Pepper heard him mutter. "The ranch is still good for

a decent living." Before the buns were half finished he stood up.

"If you've done, we'll go now. I'm coming to see your aunt."

Pepper opened his mouth to protest, then fell silent. And in silence they walked to the little villa.

But when the introductions were over, and Mr. Arrowford found himself shut up in the chilly front room, face to face with a severe, worried-looking woman, he talked at length, and to the purpose. The short cough, which sounded through the thinly built wall, was a great asset in his favour; the doctor's verdict, that a winter in the South might save the boy's lungs altogether, was another. Besides, Aunt Maud had always been anxious to do her "duty" to her dead sister's child. References and credentials were produced, and Uncle Henry was consulted.

"I'm not a rich man," Mr. Arrowford explained. "Not now. But I can give the boy a healthy climate, a good home, and the life he will be best fitted for."

"We must think it over," said the aunt and uncle.

So for a week, while his references were carefully examined, Mr. Arrowford waited. Then he booked two passages back to Australia.

Mrs. Barnicot's parting with her uncle was slightly awkward.

"Poor chap," said her husband that night. "It's rather rough luck to come over here a rich man, and go back poor."

But at dinner that first night on the great liner someone happened to mention a jolly, bright-looking little chap he had found prowling about the boat early in the afternoon.

"Red hair?" asked Mr. Arrowford.

"A mop of it. Do you know who the kid belongs to?"

"Me!" said Mr. Arrowford proudly.



ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

The Woman Poet of America

By AMY B. BARNARD, L.L.A.

British as well as American readers are familiar with the charming verses of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, but they are not so familiar with her charming personality. This little sketch, with the photograph specially taken, will make Mrs. Wilcox's poems even more interesting to her numerous admirers.

"Circumstance

Is but the toy of genius. When a soul
Burns with a godlike purpose to achieve,
All obstacles between it and its goal
Must vanish as the dew before the sun.

"ELLA WHEELER WILCOX."

SUCH was the autograph message sent to the writer in response to her request for a word of cheer from Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the woman poet of America, whose name is becoming as well known in this country as it has long been across the Atlantic. It is no work of hers to give us intricate puzzles like Browning, romance and legend like Tennyson, barrack-room ballads like Kipling, tragic life problems like Masefield; nor does she tread along the same path as Christina Rossetti or Mrs. Browning, with the last of whom she is often compared. For she is the product of a New World, of a strenuous, vigorous, hopeful republic moved by stronger life forces than stirred her predecessors.

Her theme, like Mrs. Browning's in "Sonnets from the Portuguese," is often love, but her fancy plays less around the devotion of one woman for one man than about the inspiring and uplifting power in human love.

A Modern Writer

Moreover, she is keenly alive to the conditions of woman's life to-day, voicing her aspirations, and in touch with the modern spirit of progress. It is no exaggeration to say that there are people who turn to her little poems of consolation and inspiration with the eager hope with which they consult their Bible, nailing up on the bedroom wall a much-treasured verse, and sending gem selections as precious gifts to friends. The reason is not far to seek. Love, faith, hope, mercy, cheer, happiness, noble endeavour, ultimate triumph of right, optimistic prophecy

are the keynotes to which her poems are sung. No wonder a troubled world drinks in the messages her little verses convey, listens, reads, and commits to memory the simply phrased, precious words. Yet all this popularity has behind it a story of strenuous effort, a life story so interesting and suggestive to girls and women, that the reader shall not be kept a moment longer from it

A Prairie Child

Ella Wheeler, to give her her maiden name, was the youngest of four children, and was born in 1855 on a prairie farm twelve miles from Madison, Wisconsin. Her parents had been comfortably off while living in the father's ancestral home in Vermont, but the migration westwards with the young family was a mistake from a financial point of view. Mr. Wheeler started a business and lost what capital he had; thus the young parents were in very straitened circumstances when the baby Ella arrived on the scenes. Yet, though her early years were overclouded by poverty and anxiety so far as these troubles can cloud the happy spirit of a healthy child, the little girl was fortunate in having cultured parents. The father was a musician, and the mother a woman of intellectual tastes, who felt the hardships of the isolated life of the prairie and craved for leisure to read history, romance, and especially poetry. The opportunity to indulge in such reading came during the months preceding Ella's birth, and, in speaking of her predilection for poetry, Mrs. Wilcox attributes it largely to this prenatal influence.

The mother hoped to bring into the world, to realise her own stifled dreams of a literary career, a girl who should follow literature for a profession; and it is interesting in this connection to quote

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the daughter's own opinion on the matter of heredity.

"Long ago," she says, "observation taught me that children more frequently display the suppressed tendencies of their parents than any qualities or habits which have been taught them after birth. Had my mother been giving all her vital forces to a literary career, had she been writing and expressing herself in prose and verse, in all probability my own life work would have been other than it was, and is. . . . To desire, to long, to think of, but not to perform, seems to be the key to prenatal influence."

to her childish limitation the highest to which a man could attain!

Every day the children walked to the school, about a mile away, where, as was to be expected, Ella's favourite lesson was composition. She learned to spell well, and says that versifying came naturally to her. Being sensitive to ridicule, she considers that if she had encountered it in her family it would have delayed, though not stopped, the development of her poetic aspirations. "Delayed," Mrs. Wilcox says with emphasis, "for I hold that we are capable of attaining that for which we earnestly wish."

Thus encouraged, her efforts lauded, perhaps with not much discrimination, the girl scribbled on, having no definite purpose in writing, beyond giving vent to her feelings in verse. Her imagination was excited by reading second-rate fiction, and, though her home influences were a strong incentive to effort, her reading lacked guidance or wise supervision.

*Circumstance
Is but the toy of genius. What a soul
Burns with a god-like power to
achieve
All obstacles between us and
its goal
Must vanish as the dew before
The sun*

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

A Special Message
to "Quiver" Readers.

It was a simple, open-air life the Wheeler children led, with little money, few books, and no luxuries, but it was invigorating, and to the wholesome outdoor occupations, including swimming and riding, Mrs. Wilcox attributes her strong constitution.

She was between seven and eight years of age when she started rhyming, youthful precocity which did not in the least surprise her mother, who is said to have remarked, "It is what I expected."

At the age of nine the child wrote a story about a little girl who, as she herself was accustomed to do, went to fetch the cows home and got lost. Each of the eleven chapters was headed by a verse, while another interesting feature was that the characters, who were drawn from the people about her, all married happily except one. The hero became a justice of the peace, the position of this official being

When she was some fourteen years old the gift of a weekly newspaper, which a relative had been in the habit of sending to the farm, ceased, and the loss of the weekly serial story suggested that the means for purchasing the paper might be procured by her own pen. Lest the effort should end in failure, two essays were entrusted to a former girl schoolmate to post to a New York paper. Both were published, and though they brought no monetary return, only back numbers in payment, the fact that the first effort was successful proved henceforth a strong incentive to persevere when, as was inevitable, numbers of manuscripts came flocking back to roost on their perches. But this was the opening of the floodgates for the mind of the girl. Poems, essays, stories teemed in her fertile brain, and ill-spared cents were scraped together by the family for posting them to the papers.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

They won prizes—articles which went to embellish the home—and, as Ella had left school, there was ample time for scribbling.

Then it seems to have dawned on her elders that the hope of the family was but half educated, and sacrifices—very real sacrifices—were made to send her to Madison University.

However, at the end of the term the daughter entreated her mother to let her stay at home. She was not happy at college, and she wanted to continue writing. She was home-sick, this country-bred girl, and for the first time in her experience she encountered the artificial barriers of wealth and poverty erected by society. She felt herself to be one of the have-nots, and, seeing others possess the good things of life, she longed to enjoy them too. The mother listened and understood, and when the daughter drew a glowing picture of how she would lift the burden of poverty from the home, and save her mother from the incessant round of toil and discontent with cramping conditions, she gained her point.

There came a day when three short poems brought the first payment, and the girl's foot was firmly placed on the bottom rung of the ladder of success. She did not climb quickly, but she did climb, for, as she recently explained to the writer, "The way opened out through my passion for writing, my persistent effort, and my ability to express myself in a way to obtain the ear of editors. I had faith in myself, and I longed to influence people."

In time the magazines were eager to have her contributions, which breathed the spirit of intense feeling and spoke to the heart with the voice of genius; but what the young writer endured and hoped before that time is best described in her own words in "The Story of a Literary Career," as follows: "In some

of the hardest days, when everything went wrong with everybody at home, and all my manuscripts came back for six weeks at a time without one acceptance, I recall looking out of my little north window upon the lonely road bordered with Lombardy poplars, and thinking, 'Before night something beautiful will happen to change everything.'



The latest Photograph
of Mrs. Wilcox.

Photo :
Pictorial Agency.

There was so much I wanted. I wanted to bestow comfort, ease, and pleasure on everybody at home. I wanted lovely gowns—ah, how I wanted them!—and travel and accomplishments. I wanted summers by the sea—the sea which I had read of but had never seen—and on moonlight nights these longings grew so aggres-

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sive I often pinned the curtain down and shut out the rays that seemed to intensify my loneliness, and I would creep into my little couch under the sloping eaves, musing 'Another beautiful night of youth wasted and lost.' And I would awaken happy in spite of myself, and put all my previous melancholy into verses and dollars."

But when the lessons of privation and struggle had been unforgettably learned, Ella Wheeler had her reward. There came to her love, wealth, fame, beautiful things, a seaside home, travel, and worldwide influence. In 1884 she married Robert M. Wilcox, of New York, and in this marriage was given, she says, "the beautiful and satisfying companionship of a fine mind, a large heart, and a great soul, to influence me when I left the home of my girlhood in the West for the new one of my womanhood in the East."

A Personal Impression

It may be well at this point to analyse the impression made upon a stranger by this gifted woman. She certainly possesses great charm of personality, like so many of her countrywomen, but the essential factor of it in her case is not easy of definition. Perhaps it is best summed up in the word motherliness. Mrs. Wilcox is a gentle, winsome, hospitable, middle-aged woman, kind-hearted, sympathetic, unaffected, and magnetic. Now and then, while discussing a subject, you hear a tone in the voice, catch an expression in the eyes, that remind you that you are talking to a woman of genius, whose poems have a greater sale in America than even Longfellow's. Here are keen intelligence, intuition, intensity of purpose, energy, rapidity of movement, manual dexterity, a touch of originality in dress and manner. The voice, that instrument of expression which so clearly reveals the inmost self, is musical, persuasive, and agreeable. It has in it just that kind, motherly tone which suggests a natural, warm-hearted woman to whom one would turn in a difficulty. A glance at the pale face reveals the soul of the artist, mastery of detail, and the sense of wonder; the eyes are the eyes of a seer; but, though this woman is a dreamer of dreams, she is alert to her surroundings,

and enjoys travel. She herself declares she was born with an interest in people, in emotions, in beauty of gowns; and she is no ascetic, for she delights in receiving friends in her seaside home and surprising them with some original form of entertainment, such as a fancy-dress dance copied from the East.

And she makes an excellent hostess. No one feels in the way when staying at one of the pretty houses, "The Bungalow" or "The Barracks," built by Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox at a beautiful spot known as Short Beach, near New Haven, Connecticut. "The Bungalow" is an ideal spot for a lover of Nature, for the house is approached by a beautiful garden, and overlooks a lovely cove, while the interior is original and picturesque, reminiscent of much travel. Its mistress has a passion for beauty of most kinds, and all the joys of life are precious things to her. She will probably retain this keen zest, for the best life holds right to old age. Her cheerful optimism is infectious; it emanates from her person, and it glows in her most inspired poems. She might, indeed, be said to have taken as a motto her own lines:

"My life is a brief, brief thing;
I am here for a little space,
And while I stay I would like, if I may,
To brighten and better the place."

The New Thought strongly appeals to Mrs. Wilcox, and it is easy to discover in her later writings traces of the inspiration she has derived from it. But it is always some precious truth simply expressed which she passes on to others; for instance, here is a verse from "Speech" we well may take to heart:

"Talk Health. The dreary, never-ending tale
Of mortal maladies is worn and stale;
You cannot charm or interest or please
By harping on that minor chord, disease.
Say you are well, or all is well with you,
And God shall hear your words and make
them true."

Read "Through Tears" in "Poems of Power," and it will be seen how the writer values toil and suffering as stimulants to endeavour, spurs towards the goal of success. And she is one who has drunk many a bitter cup of sorrow. In "A Face," and in the following couplet, she refers to what has been a terrible

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

grief, with which many a childless woman will sympathise :

"Though under the sod of a wee green grave,
A great, sweet hope in darkness perished."

No writer can be always at his or her level best, and to claim for Ella Wheeler Wilcox that her work is uniformly good would be untenable, especially in the case of such a prolific writer. But it is claimed that her best is among the best that our language can produce. The hypercritical may seek and find errors of metre, defects of rhythm, and subjects that fail to appeal to them; but the majority of people know little and care less about the laws of versification. "She understands us, and we understand her," they say. "She speaks direct to our hearts, reproves us for wrongdoing, rouses us to renewed effort, and comforts as in trouble," they say as they turn their backs on the critic and seek for their favourite the vacant place of honour on their bookshelves.

Mrs. Wilcox has touching words of sympathy for "The Disappointed," the failures of life, who strive and struggle on, and whose love is unrequited, "whose spirit comrades have missed them on the way." The whole poem is a gem, but it could hardly end otherwise than in a note of hope :

"For the plan would be imperfect
Unless it held some sphere
That paid for the toil and talent
And love that are wasted here."

Out of the fullness of her own content, this sweet-voiced singer tells forth her message in purest Anglo-Saxon. Turn to that well-known poem, "My Ships." Was ever a more human note uttered in a tenderer way than this ?

"O, skies, be calm ! O, winds, blow free—
Blow all my ships safe home to me !
But if thou sendest some a-wrack,
To never more come sailing back,
Send any—all that skim the sea,
But bring my love-ship back to me."

And in the same volume, "Poems of Power," what can compare with "You never can Tell," "Which are You?" "Sorry," "Presumption," "Thanksgiving," "Morning Prayer," "Wishing," "If" (No. 1), and the poems to which reference has already been made? "Solitude" and "Two Sinners" are sermons to be framed in gold. We are told that

Queen Alexandra copied and attached to a wreath placed on Gladstone's coffin the last verse of the poem "Beyond," which has consoled many a bereaved one. Of death, the poet says :

"It is but crossing—with a bated breath,
And white, set face—a little strip of sea,
To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,
More beautiful, more precious than before."

But the temptation to quote must be checked, or there will be no space to mention other matters, among them a long poem, entitled "Three Women," depicting very skilfully the characters of three different types, and regarded by the author as her best work. One could not expect such an earnest reformer as Ella Wheeler Wilcox to refrain from voicing her opinions on social reform. She has chosen prose as a vehicle for a most stimulating book, "Are You Alive?" one chapter of which, "Fathers, Look to Your Sons," all fathers of young sons would do well to read. Inevitably such a mind as that of Mrs. Wilcox penetrates below the surface of the woman's suffrage question to the root heart of the matter. Some of her ideas were published in an American paper, the *Bridgeport Sunday Post*, last year. "It (i.e. woman's suffrage) is coming," she said. "I am sorry it must be so, for it proves that men have not made good. Had men made good with women, women would never have wanted to vote, to go out into the world to work. It is necessity that is calling them. Men have made good with me, but they have not made good with all women. The white slave traffic would never thrive with women in power. . . . It is coming, and it is going to be all for the best, and will be the prime factor in the uplifting of man to the standard where woman would have him. I believe that men and women will work together harmoniously and that it will turn out well."

One cannot but feel that the world is the richer for this popular woman poet; for her love for humanity and the helpful way she is expressing it. She voices the craving of us all for sympathy and understanding, and that sympathy she gives with the throbbing heart of one who has experienced the suffering and the joy of life.

PRAIRIE FIRES

Serial Story

By ANNIE S. SWAN

CHAPTER XXIV

THE FLESH-POTS OF EGYPT

ROBERT MERRICK'S wife stood on the wind-swept veranda of her home at Palgrave's, watching for her husband's return. It was about four o'clock on a bleak December afternoon, and the whole landscape presented a most wintry and desolate look.

Palgrave's, now christened Hale End, after Merrick's old home in the far-off Surrey village, was not, in Hilary's estimation, nearly so desirable a place of abode as Brackens. The land was better, but the homestead left much to be desired. Brackens had been one of the show places in Alberta. There had even been pictures of it in emigration pamphlets, setting forth the kind of homestead settlers might possess in the far West. Palgrave's had not yet begun to be improved. The farm buildings were not so bad, but there was only the old shack for a dwelling-house, and, though it had been added to in Palgrave's time, it could not be said to be either commodious or beautiful.

It was comfortable, however, as the real old log-houses always are, being thicker in the walls than the frame-houses, which are cold in winter and too warm in summer. But Hilary often sighed for the beautiful, twenty-five feet bedroom at Brackens, and grudged it most horribly to Anna Graustek. She had heard that that thrifty housewife used it as a store place for apples and canned fruit, but she had never gone over to authenticate the rumour.

Hilary had now been mistress at the new Hale End for nearly three months. They had seemed long in passing, and, though she did her best, she could not get up the necessary amount of pride in her home. She had a help in the shape of a raw Irish girl whom she had tempted away from the King Edward Hotel in Brailsford, and whom she was trying to train in nice ways. But often she sighed for Bowlby, and she wondered what amount of money would

tempt that thoroughly equipped and most reliable female to come out to the wilds of Canada.

Hilary was thinner, and just at the moment she did not look so radiantly happy as she had done on that never-to-be-forgotten day when for the first time she had filled the woman's true rôle—"nobly planned, to warn, to comfort, and command." Truth to tell, she was rather sick of everything, and was dreading the closing in of the Arctic winter. It had been threatening for several days, and even now some stray flakes of snow were filtering through the silent, heavy air, presaging, perhaps, the first blizzard of the season.

The cold was intense, and Hilary shivered as she drew her heavy coat about her and tried to discern in the distance some approaching object which she thought might be her husband. But presently she saw that it was not him, and she made out the approaching object to be a horse with somebody on its back. A minute more, and she caught the flutter of a woman's skirt ruffled by the breeze, and recognised the figure as that of her next neighbour, Lady Florence Belfield.

Now Hilary did not care for Lady Flo. She had never overcome the dislike she had conceived for her on the day when they had first met in Brailsford Parsonage. Hilary always felt cheap and small in her presence. For the woman-farmer had a masterful way with her, and when she came to Hale End she invariably addressed the bulk of her remarks to Merrick. Hilary felt that Lady Flo considered her a poor thing. Merrick, however, honestly liked her, and talked to her as frankly as if she had been a man. And though it was only men's talk—all about wheat, and stock, and the breeding of horses—Hilary was jealous of it, because it did not in the least interest her, and she could take no part in it.

Robin always laughed afterwards when Hilary would mimic her and declare what a strange creature she was.

"Not half a bad sort is Lady Flo,

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darling," he would say. "She's always ready to do a neighbour a good turn, and, anyhow," she's your own kind. You might easily have had Mrs. Schreiber or Pat Donovan's wife for a neighbour, or even Mrs. Horace. Try to be thankful for your mercies."

"Perhaps you should have married her, Robin. I believe you would have done so if I hadn't arrived so unfortunately on the scene."

"Perhaps—who knows?" said Merrick somewhat wickedly; but just after a minute he added rather fervently: "Marry Flo Belfield—good gracious!"

That might have satisfied Hilary, and it did so for a time; but she was never very cordial to the mistress of Truscott's, nor was she ever anxious to visit her there. Lady Flo, however, was too large-hearted and sensible a person to be repelled or to be influenced in any way by feminine whims, even if she noticed them, which was doubtful.

When she rode up to the veranda steps at Hale End she looked, as she felt, entirely satisfied with herself and with the Canadian world.

"Good-day, Mrs. Merrick. Your husband isn't at home, I suppose?"

Since he had married she had dropped the familiar "Bob," because she had observed a tremor on his wife's features over the use of it. While she thought it extremely silly of Hilary to show any feeling in the matter, she was too well-bred to persist in the face of it.

"No, he isn't," said Hilary; but she vouchsafed no further enlightenment.

"I've been at Brailsford, and when I didn't see him about as usual on a Saturday afternoon, I thought I'd ride this way and inquire whether everything was all right.



*"Tried to discern in the distance
some approaching object which
might be her husband."*

*Drawn
by
Harold Canning.*

I've brought your mail, too—rather a fat one!"

Hilary thawed, for letters from England, even although very few came her way, were always welcome. She and her husband had often speculated what sort of a story Uncle Gregory had carried home to England. Quite evidently he had said nothing against Robin, for the tone of the home letters had become much warmer.

"Oh, thank you very much. That was most kind of you, though I dare say Robin will be round by Brailsford on his way back. He has gone to Glenairne. There's something wrong there—some bad news

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from Scotland, I believe. He wouldn't take me because of the cold, and I haven't been able to get a fur coat yet."

"It's coming, I don't doubt," said Lady Flo genially. "But it's a mistake to coddle oneself too much. I don't put on fur till it drops to thirty or forty."

"Don't you?" said Hilary, with a little shiver. "I find the cold bad enough now. Won't you come in? I was just going to get myself a cup of tea, though I know you don't approve of the women who break in on their afternoons with tea."

Lady Flo laughed, and her handsome black eyes twinkled.

"Well, you see, I'm always out and about in the stables and the fields, and I naturally don't inspan till supper-time. But I don't mind if I do come in. I particularly want to see Mr. Merrick about the roan filly. I expect he won't be long."

"I don't expect he will. He went out just before noon. I'm afraid there isn't anybody about to take your horse."

"Oh, I'll put him in, thanks," said Lady Flo, as she dismounted and threw the bridle over her arm.

Hilary, grasping the bundle of letters, moved into the house. When she paused at the sitting-room table to sort them out her colour rose as she came upon a large, square, foreign-looking envelope, with the words, "Hotel Splendide, Nice," printed across the flap, and recognised the address as being in her mother's handwriting. It was the first letter she had received from her mother since she came out, for she had not even sent her a word of congratulation on her marriage.

She tore it open, and some impulse made her turn to the last page first; and there, with sundry little characteristic flourishes, was the name "Sibella Lydgate."

Trembling a good deal, Hilary sat down and began to devour the contents, which were as follows:

"MY DEAR HILARY,—You will doubtless be surprised when you receive this letter, for I really believed that all communication between us had ceased.

"Mr. James Gregory made a point of paying me a visit after he returned from Canada, and I was glad to hear from him that your prospects were at least not so desperate as they at one time seemed to be. I could see, however, that he had his doubts as to your suitability for the rôle you

have taken up; but that is now your concern and, in some remoter degree, your husband's.

"My object in writing to-day is simply to acquaint you with the news of my marriage with Mr. Lydgate, which took place in London ten days ago.

"After you left he continued his frequent visits to 'The Folly,' and after a time it was quite easy for me to see that it was not to talk about his infatuation for you that he came, but that it was something deeper and more enduring which brought him. It is quite understandable how a man so young for his years as Mr. Lydgate should have admired a girl like you, and I am far too sensible and have seen far too much of the world to bear you a grudge on that score.

"When he proposed to me I accepted him for two reasons—first, because I really cared for him, for he is one of the most lovable as well as one of the best of men; and second, because I was deeply sensible of what the marriage would mean for me. I explained to him that I had no illusions, but that I would devote the rest of my life to making him happy and to creating a home for him; and he took me at my word.

"We are very happy, and will continue to be so, because we both know the value of things which the young despise. Francis has been perfectly sweet about it, and he is coming out presently with Tom to spend Christmas with us.

"Mr. Lydgate has been asked to contest the Western Division of Brayshire, and we shall return to England immediately Christmas is over for the election campaign. I expect to enjoy that very much, and my husband is good enough to say that I shall lead him to victory.

"He is certain to head the poll, anyhow, which will mean that we shall have to spend the entire season in London. Mr. Lydgate is presently negotiating for a house in Bruton Street. He wants to take it over as it stands from the Marquis of Raynfeete. I hear it is a perfect treasure-house, and I am afraid to inquire the price. But, indeed, money seems to be literally no object with Mr. Lydgate, though his own tastes are of the simplest and finest.

"I am very happy, Hilary, and most thankful to God Who has given me a little of the brightness of life at last. I shall be a better woman for it. Poverty chills the heart and drives out the best impulses.

"I shall be pleased to hear direct from

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you when you have the time and the inclination to write. Address your letters to Clampsey Manor in the meantime, as, of course, we shall be there a good deal entertaining week-end parties.

"I am going to try to make myself felt in political life, and something tells me I shall succeed. To every woman her chance comes once. Mine has come.

"Please remember me to Robert, and, with love, I remain, your affectionate mother,
"SIBELLA LYDGATE."

The letter dropped from Hilary's hand, and, in spite of herself, her tears rose.

They were standing in her eyes when Lady Flo came through the veranda doorway, bringing a distinct whiff of the stables with her. Somehow it was particularly offensive to Hilary at the moment.

"Hallo, crying! No bad news from home, I hope?" she said brusquely but kindly.

Hilary jumped up.

"Oh no; only rather unexpected. My mother has married again, and it has surprised me very much."

"Good marriage?" asked Lady Flo interestedly.

"Oh yes—a millionaire. Things are oddly divided, aren't they, Lady Flo? I must see whether Katsie has remembered to set on the kettle."

"Tell me about the marriage," said Lady Flo with animation when Hilary came back; "that is, if you care to; I'm not a prying sort, but such a marriage is a little unusual, isn't it? Your mother must be getting an old lady, isn't she?"

Hilary laughed.

"She hardly looks a day older than I do, and she is very pretty. If you saw her you would say thirty-six, not a day older."

"There are no old women nowadays," said Lady Flo grimly. "The Bond Street beauty-shops have abolished them, but the thing they have given us in their place—pah!"

She shrugged her shoulders and rocked herself violently to and fro.

"My mother has never been inside a beauty-shop; she never had any money to spare for that sort of thing," said Hilary. "Her prettiness is quite natural."

"Are you glad about the marriage, then?"

"I—I don't know. It has upset me a good deal."

"A millionaire, did you say? I hope

she'll be good to you, then, and send out something substantial for the farm, and, incidentally, for your husband's career."

"Oh, she won't do that. You see, she disapproved of him altogether. I came out here to marry him against her wishes, and she would hardly bid me good-bye."

"Did you, though? That was game! And frankly, *entre nous*, I shouldn't have thought it was in you."

"Thank you," answered Hilary rather shortly. "But since I came to Canada I'm not sure whether my mother wasn't right all the way through. If girls really knew, they would hesitate before they took the irrevocable plunge."

"Oh!" said Lady Flo, "the right sort wouldn't—only the rotters."

"Well, I'm a rotter, then," said Hilary frankly, "because it is a certain fact that if I had known what the life out here is actually like, I would have hesitated too. In fact, to be quite plain, I should have stopped at home and married a millionaire."

Hilary did not actually mean every word, but for some inexplicable reason connected with her mother's letter she was hurt and sore, and she took a more positive delight than usual in shocking Lady Flo.

"I wonder to hear you, Robert Merrick's wife, talking like that!" she said rather hotly. "Why, he's the very salt of the earth!"

"The salt has lost its savour," said Hilary wickedly and without thinking.

So aptly had the words risen in her mind that she could not for the life of her have kept them back.

"I think you deserve—No, I won't say what you deserve!" said Lady Flo, with rather a strident note in her voice.

And at that moment there was a step on the veranda, and Merrick, who had approached unheard, stalked in.

"Hallo, Lady Flo; glad to see you! Cold day, isn't it? They told me at Brailsford that you had taken my mail, so I rather hoped I'd find you here."

He nodded to Hilary, but she hardly responded. She was angry because he did not kiss her as usual. He had been away for five hours, and he ought to have done so in spite of Lady Flo's presence.

Hilary was in one of her old perverse moods, and she would have liked to show her power over her husband in front of Lady Flo. He took no further notice of her, but immediately began to plunge into

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eager talk with the visitor about the roan filly and other matters relating to the stable.

Urged by Lady Flo, who was certainly making money at the business, Merrick was turning his attention to the breeding of horses, which were both scarce and dear in Western Canada, and the pursuit was interesting him deeply. But Hilary loathed it, and Lady Flo's part in it most of all. She considered it not only unwomanly, but almost indecent, and her face wore its most scornful look as she listened.

Presently they rose and went away out to the stable together. She continued cutting the thin bread and butter—an accomplishment as yet beyond the grasp of the Irish help—and she felt very sick at heart. Envy, downright, wholesale envy of her mother, living as a millionaire's wife at the Hotel Splendide at Nice, filled her whole being. She pictured its leisured luxury, its charming beauty, the Paris gowns, the jewels, the carriages and horses—all the ordered and lovely magnificence of the life of the rich—and she almost groaned in spirit. For it all might have been hers, and she had thrown it away! For what?

She looked round with scorn on her low-ceiled, rafted living-room, a cosy, homely place, but cheap and sordid—and she, cutting her own bread and butter because there was nobody in the house fit to do it!

All at once something like poison crept through Hilary Merrick's being, destroying her happiness and robbing her life of its peace and her home of all its cherished attributes. She almost hated her mother at the moment, though she had only taken what she, Hilary, had refused.

It was about twenty minutes before she heard the laughing, interested voices of her husband and Lady Flo wafted across the still air.

When they entered she was sitting at the table calmly going on with her tea, with a book propped up against the teapot, as if her life depended on devouring its contents, so earnestly did she appear to be reading. As a matter of fact she had not read a single word.

"Hallo!" said Merrick, with a slightly astonished air. "Hungry, little woman? Had no dinner—eh?"

"Oh yes, I had dinner; but I thought you had forgotten tea. I half thought of sending it out to the stable."

She filled their cups and handed them, and asked for news from Glenairne.

"It's bad, Hilary. Carrie has gone off this morning to catch next Wednesday's boat at St. John's. Her mother is much worse. I hope she'll live till poor Carrie gets home, or she'll never get over it."

"Oh!" said Hilary, and her face softened very much. "I'm very sorry. What is Mr. Ingram going to do with the children? Couldn't we have them here?"

Her face brightened at the thought, for she dearly loved the two quaint mites at Glenairne, and one of her happiest times at the new Hale End was when their mother had lent them to her for a week.

"They've gone into Brailsford to the Macdonalds. But I dare say they could come here for a spell if you like."

"Well, I'll be off," said Lady Flo, rising abruptly after she had drunk her tea, declining all more solid nourishment, and feeling herself more *de trop* than usual. "Good-bye, Mrs. Merrick. Good-bye, Robin. Monday morning, then, at eleven—I'll be there."

Merrick left the house with her, and again it seemed to Hilary a long time before they got the horse and Lady Flo rode away.

Merrick came back to the house whistling and quite unconscious of any hostile element, though rather oddly puzzled at the evidences of antagonism between the two women. He was sorry about it, too, for he really liked Lady Flo, and she was certainly not only an ideal but a valuable neighbour.

When he would have taken his wife in his arms, she drew back with a strange coldness.

"Your letters, Robin. There are quite a pile," she said quickly, and he turned to them at once.

"I've had one," she said shortly.

"Have you, darling? Good! Who from?"

"From mother. She has married Mr. Lydgate, Robin, and she's having a perfectly lovely time on the Riviera."

And, to Merrick's astonishment and considerable dismay, she burst into tears.

CHAPTER XXV

THE LITTLE RIFT

HILARY was sitting on the front of the bed in her attic chamber in the shack, surrounded by some of the finery that she had brought from England six months before.



"' Hallo, Lady Flo; glad to see you!
Cold day, isn't it?'" —p. 1017.

Drawn by
Harold Copping.

THE QUIVER

It was March now, and, after a short but unusually hard winter, there were signs of approaching spring in the air. The Chinook—the warm western wind that has no kinship with frost and snow—had already swept softly over certain portions of the West, and relief and expectation were now in the air.

At the new Hale End there was not much opportunity for airing finery in the way of dress, and Hilary was looking rather ruefully at two evening frocks which had never seen the light since she had worn them in the Wheeler mansion at Pittsburg. One of them was black—a soft, filmy thing which had always become her. She was so tired of the everlasting flannel shirt-waist, and was longing, with all a pretty woman's longing, to see herself attired in something worthy of her looks.

Merrick admired Hilary in any gown, but, truth to tell, in these days he had grown a little careless as to the expression of his admiration in outward tokens, his whole soul being absorbed in the various branches of his calling, which, assiduously pursued, were going to make him a free man again, owing no man anything in the world.

There was nothing pushing on the land as yet, for no plough could touch it in its present state; but the buying and selling of horses, in which he had embarked, under the guidance and tuition of Lady Flo, was occupying the whole of his attention.

It took him away a good deal from home, and he had, perhaps, forgotten how much his wife was left alone. Carrie Ingram was still in Scotland, and Hilary was, at that trying and crucial period of her life, without a near or intimate friend; and of late she had brooded very much.

She determined, after hanging the filmy black frock in front of her before the looking-glass, to dress up for the evening, partly to please herself and partly to surprise Robin when he should come back. He was off driving somewhere, but she had a very vague idea of how he spent his days.

Merrick, straining every nerve to make a success of his business, was not aware that he and his wife were drifting apart.

How does the little rift within the lute first begin to make itself felt?

Ah, there is nothing more difficult to say!

Hilary was quite conscious of it, and brooded over it far more continuously and far more deeply than anybody knew. She

spoke very little indeed, and she so busied herself about the house that Merrick thought she was happy and contented enough. It is astonishing how utterly blind even an ordinarily discerning man can be at times.

She was quite alone in the house, and, though the days were lengthening, it was growing grey dusk now, and six o'clock had struck. She hesitated just for a moment, wondering whether it would be safe to change her dress then, or whether it would be better to wait until the buggy should come back from Brailsford, whither Herbert, the hired man, accompanied by Katsie, who had asked an afternoon off, had gone to fetch some stores.

She had not decided the knotty point when she heard a man's voice urging a horse forward, and, looking through the casement, she saw the buggy being driven into the yard. Herbert seemed to be in it alone, but, as the hood was up, she fancied she might have been mistaken. She ran downstairs and out into the soft, cool evening air to discover things and to inquire whether they had remembered all the stores that she had told them to bring. There was nothing in the house for supper unless they had brought it.

Herbert, a lad of about twenty, with a fresh-coloured, boyish face, and a devoted slave to his mistress, who was so different from any that he had seen in these parts, left the horse and came forward to the piazza step.

"Katsie ain't come back," he said flatly.

"Katsie not come back! But what have you done with her, Herbert?"

"She's gone on the train right down East," he answered stolidly.

"Right down East! Whatever for?" asked Hilary in blank dismay.

"To her aunt at Brandon. She's been wanting to go for a long time."

"But why didn't she tell me? I dare say I could have arranged to let her away for a week or so."

"Oh, but she ain't coming back," said Herbert still stolidly. "She'd arranged it all slick. Her box was down to Flanagan's place. We called in there for it as we drove by. I told her it was a dirty, mean trick that she was playing you; but that's how the Irish serve people. No—she ain't coming back."

Hilary looked rather put out.

"It's the oddest thing that I have ever

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heard of, and it was a very mean trick, for I've been most kind to her!"

"Thet's wot I told her, ma'am. But it don't mike no difference to that sort. She was sat on goin', and ye can't keep 'em onct they're sat."

"I suppose not, but it's very awkward. If she had given me proper notice, I might have got somebody else before she left. Well, did you bring me everything?"

"Yes, ma'am; she done that afore she took the train. It was three hours late, so she had 'eaps of time. But there ain't any mutton in the whole town, and not much beef; I brought all they had left, and it ain't a very nice piece."

He brought in the basket, and Hilary, with puckered brows, began to unpack on the kitchen table. When she saw the large slab of coarse, stringy beef, she looked the disgust she felt.

It was now half-past six, and as Robin would be home in less than half an hour there was not the remotest chance of making the meat ready in time. She decided to leave the cooking of it until to-morrow, and to put him off with an omelette or some boiled eggs. She would have to prepare supper herself. Her face was a study as she went back to the living-room and began to lay the cloth.

The Irish girl had been rough and ready, but at least she had been strong and willing, and Hilary had had a fairly easy time of it of late. She had once before been several weeks without help, and knew exactly what it meant. The hired man would light the fire and get the coals and wood in, and that was all; the rest would depend on her. She loathed such drudgery with a great loathing. She had none of Carrie Ingram's genuine joy in work, and she could never understand the inward satisfaction that came through overcoming hills of difficulty in the domestic world.

She laid the table, saw that the stove was in good working order, and that the kettle was singing. Then, in an odd humour, she went upstairs to put away the finery scattered about the room.

As she handled the black frock the desire to wear it rose up again in her mind, and, with a little perverse shake of her head, she began to unfasten her blouse preparatory to changing her dress. Just as a protest against the existing state of things, she would dress up and show Robin the incongruity of the situation.

She lingered over her toilet, taking a certain joy and pride in improving her looks. She certainly looked lovely when she had finished. Feeling a little strange and unfamiliar in the low-necked bodice, she caught up a scarf, and, throwing it over her bare shoulders, she went downstairs, smiling a little grimly.

It was now quite dark, and Herbert had lighted the lamps and was busy taking off his boots when his mistress came into the kitchen. That he was startled by her appearance was evident from his open-mouthed stare.

Hilary hastily drew her scarf quite closely round her neck.

"No word of the boss yet, Herbert?" she asked pleasantly.

"Not yet, ma'am. I've just got all the chores done."

"Enough coal and wood to last till morning?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, put some more on the fire now, and tell me the moment you hear the horse," she said as she passed into the living-room and shut the door.

Merrick had been much in the saddle since the freshet, and the sleigh was now put up for the season.

About twenty minutes later, while Hilary was dozing by the stove in the inner room, she heard the sound of voices, and she realised, with a feeling of chagrin, that Robin had not returned alone. She heard Lady Flo's high treble, and the colour rose in her cheek.

She wished with all her heart that she had not been so silly as to dress up. It was one thing showing herself to Robin, but quite another to be seen by Lady Flo, who, of course, would disapprove and would probably laugh at her. But there was no chance of escape.

"Where are you, Hilary?" called out her husband's voice across the open space of the kitchen. "Lady Flo has come back with me, and we're as hungry as hunters. I hope you've got something substantial."

They came into the living-room, bringing a fresh wave of cool air with them, and Hilary stood up to meet them.

She was looking lovely, but rather frail and thin, and a red spot was burning on her cheeks. Both looked the astonishment they felt.

"Hallo, little woman, what's on?" asked Merrick rather perplexedly.



"Hilary hastily drew her scarf quite closely round her neck"—p. 1051.

"My evening frock," answered Hilary calmly. "I got so mortally sick of the everlasting blouse that I thought I'd like to know once more how it felt to be dressed like a Christian. Come in, Lady Flo, unless you think I'm not decent."

Lady Flo laughed outright. She had rather a keen sense of humour, and the elegant confection of satin and lace seemed so out of place in a Canadian shack that it struck the comical note.

But the laugh angered Hilary, and she, figuratively speaking, turned her back on the visiting neighbour.

"There isn't anything to eat at all except tea and bread and butter, and Katsie has

Drawn by
Harold Copping.

At last he came and called her from the bottom of the stair: "Supper's ready, Hilary. Come down, won't you? We're waiting."

"Coming," she answered unwillingly, but still did not hurry overmuch.

At length, however, she did get down, to find Robin and Lady Flo already seated at table, the latter pouring tea and Robin helping something from a covered dish at the end of the table.

"I suppose you brought something with you," she said ungraciously, observing something like cutlets or small fillets of beef on the plates.

"Oh no; we made a forage in your larder, and found the beef chunk," said Lady Flo,

run away," she remarked to her husband, and incontinently fled to the upper room.

Merrick was annoyed. He felt that his home had been made to look ridiculous in the eyes of Lady Flo, who had been the best of comrades to him during the long day which they had spent together in visiting distant homesteads for the purposes of their joint business.

But Lady Flo accepted the situation in the most jovial spirit, and she began to unfold the veil which swathed her hat and her head.

"Poor child, she's in a peck of troubles! Never mind. While she's getting out of her finery, I'll get supper."

And she did.

Presently Hilary, slowly and rather crossly making a fresh toilet upstairs, felt her nostrils assailed by a very savoury smell, which had followed hard on a mysterious thumping on the kitchen table. She supposed that Robin was doing something in the way of preparing supper, and she purposely delayed going down as long as she could.

At last he came and called her from the bottom of the stair: "Supper's ready, Hilary. Come down, won't you? We're waiting."

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"Oh no; we made a forage in your larder, and found the beef chunk," said Lady Flo,

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nodding cheerily across the table. "I know that kind of beef. It wants mauling, so I mauled it."

"Mauled it?" said Hilary in a mystified voice; and she stood at the head of the table suggestively until Lady Flo, understanding, jumped up and took her place at the side.

"Yes; it's a good tip. I had a broken-down New York professor for a cook at Truscott's once. He had been getting his living by cooking for the boys on the round-ups. He mauled everything. He was the best cook I've ever seen."

"I don't understand," said Hilary stiffly.

"You just cut little slices off, and hit them hard with the rolling-pin, and fry them in butter. I bet you'll find this delicious. Isn't it, Robert?"

"Quite delicious," answered Merrick, already enjoying the meal he was more than ready for, and inwardly fuming at Hilary for what he considered her childish rudeness.

She was now dressed in her short skirt and an unbecoming striped shirt-blouse, which she had chosen because she loathed it and because it suited her mood. She looked pale and listless, and Lady Flo, fresh from her long day in the open, was looking very handsome and filled with animation and high spirits.

But the meal, though well cooked and appetising, was hardly a success. Hilary's perverse humour spoiled it, and all the suggestions that Lady Flo had to make about filling Katsie's place were met with silence.

"After all, it is always possible for a level-headed woman to do her own chores," said Lady Flo cheerfully. "It wouldn't upset me in the smallest degree, though I hadn't a soul inside the house at Truscott's. The only thing is that it leaves less time for outside things. When we're busy there, the house has to take care of itself."

"I have been accustomed to live decently," answered Hilary quietly.

Lady Flo smiled on steadily, and presently she rose, saying that she must be going.

"Seems down on her luck, Bob," she remarked casually, thrusting her hands into her pockets as they were moving off the veranda. "Pity she doesn't take more kindly to Canada. She's one of the sort who ought not to have come out."

Hilary, through the very prevailing per-

versity of things, heard these words. They were wafted to her on the wings of the evening breeze, which, usually kind, seemed to be wayward, like herself, that night. She held her breath for Robin's answer.

"Sometimes I think you're right, Lady Flo, and that it has been all a mistake," he said, feeling so hurt and sore that he forgot to be cautious and guarded in speaking about his wife. "She grumbles a good deal. I suppose it means a quick trip to England and a long absence from Canada. I see it ahead even now."

"Oh well, you can always interest yourself in your work," she answered; and then their voices died away.

Hilary clenched her hands and went back to the living-room and called to Herbert to come and clear the table, which he did with all the hired man's awkwardness.

She counted the minutes that Robin spent outside, and found them to be exactly thirty-five. She did not take into account the possibility of his doing the stable chores for himself after his visitor had departed, though that was what he actually did.

He was still a somewhat irritated person when at last, after having left his dirty boots in the kitchen, he came into Hilary's presence.

She did not so much as look up at his entrance.

"Why did you go on like that before Lady Flo, Hilary? It was too utterly childish for words; besides, it was rude. She has been a very good friend to us—a far better one than you know."

"To you, you mean. She's no friend of mine," observed Hilary coldly.

"We can't disassociate our interests, and it was very silly to be dressed up like that, to begin with."

"She would think that, of course. She's half a man. But a woman who has been accustomed to live like a lady occasionally likes to look like one. But I won't do it again, Robin."

He leaned his arm on the mantel and looked down at her with a mingling of irritation and pity in his eyes.

"It's a pity you can't take a leaf from her book, Hilary. Hers is the only attitude possible to a woman in Canada if she's going to make a success of it. I work hard—heavens, I do work!—and a man is entitled to look for some comfort in his home!"

"I do my best, Robin," said Hilary in a

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voice of ominous quiet. "I haven't had Lady Flo's advantages, of course. I have never lived with a cook who knew how to maul butcher-meat."

"It was uncommonly good, and you might do worse than take a tip from her. She's so good-tempered too. Nothing puts her out."

"No—nothing would. She's something like the Canadian meat," said Hilary, with a small, rather bitter smile. "A little mauling might make her soft; tender she could never be."

Merrick felt his temper rising. He was physically very tired, and there are few things a man likes less in his wife than a sarcastic front.

"What are you going to do about Katsie?" he asked, deeming it wiser to change the subject. "What took her all of a sudden? I thought that you said she was devoted to you?"

"She seemed so. I'm not going to do anything. Why should I? If she goes—she goes. I shouldn't care to keep a person who felt as she must have done before she could do such a thing. Let them all run."

"I'm going to Edmonton next week, Hilary. I might try to pick up somebody there."

"Where's Edmonton, and what are you going to do there?"

"Edmonton is the big, new town on the Saskatchewan river. There's a man in the horse business there whom Lady Flo thinks we had better see."

"Oh, she is going?"

"I expect so. Would you care to come, Hilary?"

"No, thank you," she answered quite quietly. "How long would you have to be away?"

"About a week, probably."

"I see."

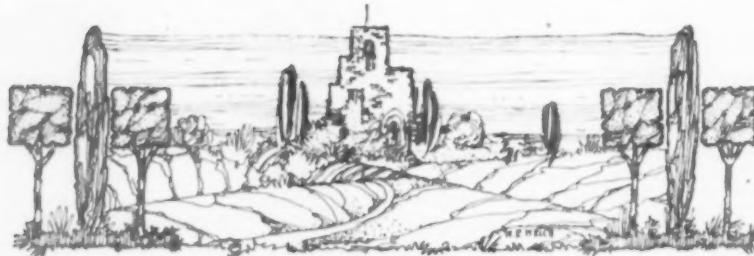
"Well, what about the help here? You can't do the chores yourself. You don't look physically fit. You don't go out enough, dear."

"Don't I? I've no intention of doing the chores myself. You and Herb must go back to batching. You are so much away that it won't matter much to you. When you're very hard up for a good meal there is always Truscott's to go to, and an open—a very wide open door!"

The significance of her tone was unmistakable.

Merrick's colour rose, and, muttering something under his breath, he flung himself out of the room.

[END OF CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE]



CHRIST AND SOCIALISM

What would Jesus have done with the Present Social Order?

By the Rev. A. E. GARVIE, M.A., D.D.

Socialism—Collectivism—Syndicalism: the words are on everybody's lips, and the spirit of them is in the air. What would Jesus have thought about our present social order, and the various remedies propounded for it? Has the Religion of Jesus any guidance for us in such matters?

MAN is made for society, and his relation to his fellow-men must always be an object of deep interest and great concern to him; but there are periods when, owing to rapid and important changes in the conditions of life, the problem of society assumes quite an exceptional prominence and urgency.

This can without qualification be said of the present age.

Never were the theoretical questions about the nature and development of society so widely discussed; and never were so great efforts made to deal with its practical difficulties. As the actual conditions of modern society are increasing the mutual dependence of all the parts, of all individuals, classes, or callings, so the intellectual tendency is to emphasise more and more the "organic" nature and the "vital" development of human society.

The urgent question that the age is addressing to the Christian Church is this: does its teaching contradict or confirm this conception of society as analogous to a "living body," of which the members suffer or prosper together?

And the Christian Church, confronted by this demand, is scrutinising the teaching of Jesus to discover whether,

different as were the actual conditions of the society in which He lived from our own, He nevertheless had the insight and the foresight to express general principles which are appropriate and applicable to the world in which we live to-day.

The two extremes of thought on the subject of the relation of the individual to society are *Individualism* and *Socialism*, although it would be difficult to find either intellectual tendency expressed without some qualification and reservation in favour of the other; and the attempt is sometimes made to claim Jesus for the one side or the other.

Within the Christian Church Socialism has been opposed on the ground of the individualism of the Christian religion; and to-day Socialism is sometimes advocated as the necessary issue of the principles taught by Jesus.

But, if serious thinkers do recognise that each of these tendencies is an exaggeration unless modified by the other, we may well hesitate about identifying the teaching of Jesus with the one or the other. If the teaching of Jesus is to have any meaning or worth for us to-day, its permanent and universal principles must be detachable from the local and temporary forms of thought.



Dr. A. E. Garvie.

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and life of His own age and people; and still less can it be identified with the intellectual or social fashions of our or any other age.

We may conclude that He is too great to have these partisan and sectarian labels attached to His teaching.

Avoiding as far as we can the almost inevitable bias to find in the teaching of Jesus a confirmation of the opinions we approve, and a contradiction of the views we condemn, we must endeavour to examine that teaching, prepared to admit that it may not at all fit into any of the moulds of our modern thinking.

The Silence of Jesus

We may note the absence from the teaching of Jesus of any social or political programme, and His personal abstinence from any action which could appear as an interference with the existing order of society.

This was not only because it was necessary for Him in this way to avoid giving any encouragement whatever to the false and vain expectations of the Messiah common in Judaism; it followed necessarily from His vocation as the Revealer of God and the Redeemer of men that His work should not be obscured and limited by the social or political conditions of His own time or people. As bringing the eternal God to men, and as calling men into the eternal life in God, He must needs see all Himself, and show all to others, *sub specie aeternitatis*. A gospel for mankind could not be a scheme of reform for one nation.

Accordingly, we should look in vain in the teaching of Jesus for specific directions regarding political institutions or social relations. Had Jesus included these in His precepts He would have allowed Himself to be limited in His mission and His message, as did Gautama the Buddha or Mohammed the prophet of Allah, by racial peculiarity; and so His religion would have lacked the universality which is the justification of its missionary effort, and the explanation of its success in bringing in all peoples into His Church. This negative aspect of His teaching—what we must not expect in it—needs to be at the outset emphasised.

If we start from the correlative truths

of Jesus' revelation, the universal Fatherhood of God and the consequent infinite worth of the individual soul, we have set the bounds within which His teaching moves. There is, on the one hand, an *individualism* which must not be ignored. As the parables in Luke xv. teach, every soul is of so great value to God that He feels its sin as a loss and has joy in its recovery.

The Sacred Right of Personality

Christianity is committed to the declaration and vindication of the sacred right of personality. No man, however "lost" his condition as regards social reputation, moral character, or religious disposition, is worthless to God, and can be treated as worthless by man. No child of God can be merely a "hand" for employment by and for the enrichment of another; each man is an end in himself, having a liberty to exercise, an obligation to discharge, a personality to develop, and a destiny to realise which are all his own; and no man may be treated only as a means to the advance, ambition, or amusement of another.

Kant's insistence on the recognition of and the respect for humanity in every other man is in entire agreement with the teaching of Jesus; and that teaching gives surer ground in the divine relationship for the human claim. In so far as any social scheme involves a repression of personality, a subordination of the individual to society so that he is exploited by it rather than realised in it, it is non-Christian, as it is contrary to the teaching of Jesus.

Love for Self

It is entirely in accord with this estimate of the infinite worth of the individual soul that the obligation of love for self is taught.

This love of self is not selfishness, however, for there are two qualifications of it that entirely exclude selfishness. The self to be loved is not the lower self that as self-pleasing and self-sparing must be denied; but the self which is to be realised in absolute love of God, in entire consecration to the Kingdom of God (Matt. xxii. 37-40). The end for self which this Christian love of self seeks,

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and is alone warranted in seeking, is the supremacy of the Kingdom of God and the surrender of all other personal interests to the fatherly care of God (Matt. vi. 33). This self is to be loved only equally (in a qualitative, not quantitative, sense) with others: for while subjectively to myself my own soul alone may appear of supreme value, yet objectively in the judgment of God as interpreted by Jesus, *each* individual soul has infinite worth. Self-reverence the Christian estimate of personality demands and justifies, but not self-conceit, self-confidence, or self-concern. The end which the soul is called to seek in the Kingdom of God is a common end; and the fatherly care to which all other personal interests are surrendered is a common care.

It is not a separate, a competing, or a conflicting purpose to which men in the love of self are called; but a purpose, which, as embracing all, and as conditional in its realisation in all by its realisation in each, can only be fulfilled as the love of others equals the love of self.

The Christian individualism is, because of its conception of the self, very far removed from the contemporary tendency so described, which magnifies the claims and minimises the duties of the individual in relation to the society.

The other Extreme—Socialism

While the teaching of Jesus gives no support to the one extreme of individualism, it can no more be claimed for the other extreme of Socialism, if we use the term with any precision. There are many ambiguous uses; but we may insist that the meaning with which history invests the term is this: contemporary Socialism is not *Communism* in demanding that there should be no private property at all, even for use or enjoyment, but it is *Collectivism*, in advocating the ownership and control of all capital as means of production by the community, be it the trades union (as in Syndicalism), or the State, represented either by the municipality or the national government (as in Socialism generally). In so far as Socialism seeks to assert and give effect to the supremacy of the common good over private interests, it has some resemblance to the teaching of Jesus. The mutual

service which Christian love demands does not fall short of what Socialism seeks by such an economic arrangement to attain. Socialism does not make a greater social demand than does Jesus in the equal love for self and others which He enjoins.

The Method of Jesus

But, as soon as we go beyond this general resemblance of intention, the differences become still more striking.

In the first place, Socialism is primarily concerned about an economic reconstruction of human society, although it may appeal in its favour to moral reasons and expect moral results from it. But the teaching of Jesus is not at all concerned with any economic system; nor does He seek to change men by altering their outward conditions. The method of Jesus is through and through moral and religious. Jesus neither condemned nor approved any economic system; and His authority cannot be appealed to either for or against Socialism. If it were shown that only in Collectivism can men render one another the full measure of mutual service, and that only by such economic conditions can the moral and religious change of men be effected, then assuredly the Christian would be not only justified in adopting Socialism, but even constrained to do so. It need not be added, however, that this demonstration is not complete.

There are even two considerations which must be set on the other side. The human personality realises itself in its use and enjoyment of its property, and a system that laid as rigid restrictions as Socialism would do on the control of property would limit the range for the free exercise, and so the full development of the personality. The stewardship of wealth may be a means of grace, a test of worth.

The Voluntary Principle

Further, in all Jesus' teaching regarding mutual service, it is assumed to be voluntary; and, if it ceased to be voluntary it would lose its meaning and worth. A consistent Socialism, with the complete control of the individual by society, would involve a legalism, having no affinity to the willing service of one

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another of the children of God, who have found their freedom in Christ.

The Real Remedy

If this conclusion seems disappointing to those who are eager to find in Jesus' teaching guidance and encouragement for the improvement of our social conditions, they may be reassured that if the implication of Jesus' teaching were completely, consistently, and courageously applied to all social relations, we should move swiftly and surely to that better social order which Socialism aims at, although we might reach it by other means. In a procession of the unemployed some years ago in London, there was displayed a banner, with this strange device: "*Curse your charity; give us justice.*" In so far as it was a protest against unjust social arrangements and economic conditions, the misery of which is only in a very small measure relieved by private beneficence, it might command one's sympathy, however much one might regret the manner of expression.

Jesus does not contemplate the possibility of a social order, an economic system, in which there would be no need of and no room for philanthropy. This does not involve for us a prohibition of any attempt theoretically to devise and practically to realise all such changes as may substitute justice for charity.

But so long as social arrangements and economic conditions are so defective as to involve need and misery for any of our fellow-men, the teaching of Jesus enforces the claim of philanthropy, and invests it with the highest conceivable sanction.

Were we to trace the course of the history of the Christian Church in its influence on human society, we should find a convincing proof that the self-love which Jesus enjoins is not and cannot be selfish. If the teaching of Jesus offers us no scheme of social reconstruction such as Socialism offers to us, yet it contains principles of social duty, mutual service, and sacrifice of self for others which, if fully applied to our present conditions, would carry us very far on the way of a social reconstruction, and would demonstrate that a moral and spiritual progress in human society would produce far more beneficent changes than any economic rearrangement could possibly effect without them.

The Hope for the Age

To the writer it seems patent that, be Socialism economically sound or not, it would be an intolerable tyranny without a social conscience such as Christian love alone can produce; and that if it is to be an expression of personal freedom in social service, it must be based on such advance in Christian love as none but Christ by His grace can effect.

The hope for the social order thus lies in the recognition, the application, and the inspiration of the principles which Jesus taught—a human brotherhood based on the divine Fatherhood, and having its nature, measure, and example in the love unto self-sacrifice of the Cross of Christ.

We must still follow Jesus if we are to enter into the Promised Land of our hopes of social regeneration.

The above article forms part of a helpful little volume by Dr. Garvie to be published during the coming month by Messrs. Cassell. It is entitled "Can We Still Follow Jesus?" and deals in a simple, vigorous way with some of the modern objections to Christianity.

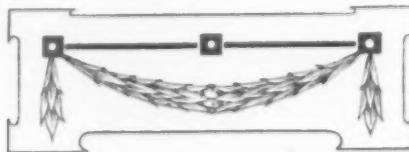




Photo: A. Leader, Bristol.

BESIDE THE STILL WATERS

God is Love

*At Derby Haven, in the sweet Manx land,
A little girl had written on the sand
This legend: "God is love." But when I
said:
"What means this writing?" thus she
answered:
"It's father that's at say,
And I come here to pray,
And . . . God is love." My eyes grew
dim—
Blest child! in Heaven above
Your angel sees the face of Him
Whose name is love.*

T. E. BROWN.



Youthful Souls

At first our bodies are so babyish that our souls do not find them an adequate medium of expression. But by and by our bodies grow and develop; after which come the beautiful years of perfection—ten, twenty, thirty of them, when the young soul goes strong and gay through life, clad in the strong, gay, young body. Then—gradually, gradually, the strong young soul, in its unwearied, immortal youth, wears out the body. The body grows old; but not the soul. Nothing can age that; and when at last the body quite wears out, the young soul breaks free and begins again. Youthful souls wear out their bodies quicker than old ones, just as a strong young boy romps through a suit of clothes sooner than a weakly old man. But there is always life more abundant, and a fuller life farther on.—FLORENCE BARCLAY.

For Fear of the Thorns

CLOUDS and sunshine, sorrow and joy come to each one of us, and if we grasp the thorns tightly, as we are apt to do, we deserve the sore bruises we invariably get. And it sometimes happens that we leave a beautiful rose on one side because we are frightened at its stem of bristling thorns. It only needed a very little courage to pluck that rose, and the danger was of the smallest. So that the queen of the garden may teach us from her most sacred lore we must approach humbly and gratefully and with a true desire to learn her hidden secrets.—EMILY RIDGWAY.



A Mission in Life

I READ in the "Guide to Kingsbridge" a pretty story about the Start Bay villages, where the Newfoundland dogs are kept to go out to sea to fetch in a rope. The story is that one of these dogs saw a child in the water and swam in and brought the child out. He could do that, and as he laid the child down on the sand it was nearly dead, and he licked its face to try and bring it round; and when he found that his licking would not revive it, he went up to a village and he caught hold of people's coats, till at last he induced some to come down, and by their care the little flame of life in the child, which was almost extinct, was made to burn up again. As I read the story, I hoped to be something like that dog. I will go into the water after souls and try to bring them out; and, if I could, I would kiss them into life with loving words; but

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as that is out of my power I will go and tug the skirts of Jesus, and ask Him to come and give them life, and raise them up, and I do not doubt that He will do so.—C. H. SPURGEON.



Patience

AFTER all, patience is very strong. Making a mistake at the outset of life is like beginning to wind a skein of silk at the wrong end. It gives us infinite trouble, and perhaps is in a tangle half through; but it often gets smooth and straight before the close. Thus, many a man has so conquered himself, for duty's sake, that the work he originally hated, and therefore did ill, he gets in time to do well, and consequently to like. In the catalogue of success and failure, could such be ever truthfully written, it would be curious to note those who had succeeded in what they had no mind to, and failed in that which they considered their especial vocation.—MRS. CRAIK.



Hope

WE look upon Hope—do we not?—as a kind of beautiful fairy queen, and where Hope is so beautiful we are apt to think she can do no useful work. It is a calumny on Hope to look on her as a merely beautiful fairy queen. Hope is a nurse, Hope is a worker, Hope is a most delightful and sustaining intellectual friend. . . . You have seen sometimes the summer breeze sway down the cornstalks in a great field—they all bow beneath its magic power; that is how souls are bowed down by the influence of Hope. One hopeful man will save a garrison; one hopeful woman will inspire a parish. What we want in all our work is—more Hope.—BISHOP WINNINGTON-INGRAM.



What we shall be

"IT doth not yet appear what we shall be." . . . You have seen the blushing morning and the golden evening; you have seen the soft beauty of the moon and the glory of the sun; but you have seen nothing like what you shall be. You have seen our wintry trees change and change, under vernal influence, until they became pictures of beauty, and you have seen glory enwrapped in dark clouds; and immense as is the distinction between leafless trees and

[Selection by Mrs. H. Marshall, Manchester.]

blooming trees, or between leaden clouds and those of a golden sunset, the distinction is yet greater between what you are now and what you shall be.—PULSFORD.



Transforming Rain

RAIN comes with strong caressing fingers, and the branches seem no whit the cleaner for her care; but then their glistening blackness mirrors back the succeeding sunlight, as a muddy pavement will sometimes lap our feet in a sea of gold. The little wet sparrows are for the moment equally transformed, for the sun turns their dun-coloured coats to a ruddy bronze, and cries Chrysostom as it kisses each shiny beak. They are dumb Chrysostoms; but they preach a golden gospel, for the sparrows are to London what the rainbow was to eight saved souls out of a waste of waters—a perpetual sign of the remembering mercies of God.—MICHAEL FAIRLESS.



Thine are we

LORD, we are rivers running to Thy sea,
Our waves and ripples all derived from Thee;
A nothing we should have, a nothing be,
Except for Thee.

Sweet are the waters of Thy shoreless sea;
Make sweet our waters that make haste to
Thee;
Pour in Thy sweetness, that ourselves may be
Sweetness to Thee.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.



With the Whole Heart

THERE can be little question that the more heartily we do our humble duty, the more we feel we are doing it for God. To be whole-hearted is to be facing heavenward. And the great loss of all half-hearted men and women is this, that above the dust, and the stress and strain of life, above the fret and weariness of things, they catch no glimpse of the eternal purpose, nor of the love, nor of the joy of God. Indeed, if that old saying, "Like to like," be true, the men who are half-hearted must be blind. For, if there is one demonstrable fact, I think it is this: We are the creatures of a whole-hearted God. It is the pity of all half-hearted men that they are out of harmony with God.—G. H. MORRISON.

GOD'S JOB

A Child, a Man, and the Great Inexplicable

By JAMES HOPPER

This is a singular and rather daring story. Yet those gifted with a love of child-life and a little imagination will understand.

IT was John Roundtree who came to me with this singular amplification of a simple happening. John has a home, and it is from him I have all I know of Home. He disappears within it for long periods, as a fish into the profundities where it really belongs; and then I'll find him of an afternoon at the club, a trailing of the daze of emergence still on his face, and his soul filled to overbrimming with some quiet, deep and heavy experience. Sitting there, the other day, his clasped hands on the top of his cane, his knees a bit apart (for domesticity has somewhat thickened him), he told me this, speaking, I think, rather to himself than to me:

I have just been through something—something natural, I suppose, yet rather harrowing—and it has turned my thoughts upon the character of God's work.

It happened in this way:

You know, of course, about my family; and you know about Myrtle, the smaller of my two little girls. She is a round, chubby, tender baby with big blue eyes; they have in them a peculiar quality, at once of questioning and of humble acceptance. That child loves me with a love beyond that of any other member of the family. Phyllis, her elder sister by two years, loves me well enough (she will run to me from as far as she can see me, leaving Myrtle toddling timidly far behind). And so, of course, does Elizabeth, my wife. But in the affection of these two there is an appreciation of me, I often think, a bit too humorous. Beneath everything, I am to them a good deal of a joke. The joke, perhaps. While to Myrtle, I am the admirable, the adorable—the God. I discovered this when she was two years old. Going by her carelessly in the hall, I felt my hand seized as it passed, and upon it the pressure of her warm soft lips. She has done this often since. Whenever I pass her, and no one is about, she is apt to seize my hand

and to kiss it—in a sort of secret and fervent communication.

Well, Myrtle had been ailing slightly for several months. Her small soul seemed raw; she would break out weeping often, and sob long, with little provocation. So Elizabeth, my wife, took her to the family physician, who passed her on to a specialist, who decided that there were parasitic growths in the air-passages, and that they, as well as the tonsils, should be removed. A very usual operation, I understand. And Elizabeth, with that implacability in decision which woman shows within her sphere and often leaves man gasping, arranged to have this done the very next morning.

They came back at noon, she and the child, from the doctor, Elizabeth all tense with resolution, Myrtle hot-cheeked with the ordeal she had been through; and Elizabeth said very loud: "Yes, it is all fixed; the doctor is coming to-morrow morning, with his two assistants, to make Myrtle all well and happy again."

She set to work immediately. One of the bedrooms was thoroughly cleaned and washed; bowls were sterilised, water boiled; a surgeon's box arrived, mysteriously sealed; a long operating table was improvised; little by little the room, visible in flashes through opening and closing doors, took on an aspect cold and hard and white.

Meantime, Myrtle was being left to me.

She had come back with hot cheeks from the medical visit. She had been hurt a bit, and much frightened; she must have felt now, as children feel, vaguely but with sudden penetrating pangs, the atmosphere about her of preparation and trouble. So that the expression in her blue eyes, at once of questioning and of humble acceptance, was very big.

She did not go out and play with Phyllis. Instead, she remained indoors and read her Peter Rabbit book.

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The Peter Rabbit book tells in pictures the adventures of Peter Rabbit on the farm of Mr. Grouch. It was the first book to arouse her delight; and since that day, carefully preserved at the bottom of her doll-trunk, it is Myrtle's solace in moments of spiritual throes, her consolation in trouble, working thus through a stirring of the maternal tenderness big already in that baby body. Whenever she has been scolded, or has given way to the passion that lies deep within her outward placidity, or, because she is too little, has been skilfully manœuvred out of some play by superior Miss Phyllis, she gets the book out of the trunk, huddles in a lone corner, opens it across her knees, and plunges into its illusion.

This she did now. But with a difference in her manner. There was in it less of natural fleeing to a refuge than of conscious seeking of it. All the afternoon she was in her room, propped in a corner, turning slowly page after page, dwelling very long on each. But at times I found her by me, holding my hand wistfully; to my encouragement, she climbed up on my knees and snuggled close, her warm cheek against mine. Her eyes stole to the closed door of the ominous room. But something within her, a subtle delicacy refusing to doubt my silence, or a shrinking from knowledge that might be terror, held her from questioning me—though I knew.

By evening, we decided we should have to tell her something, in order to forestall a possible panic at the critical moment. At dinner, speaking in turn and as casually as possible, Elizabeth and I, we tried to prepare her.

"You know," said Elizabeth, "to-morrow the doctor is coming, the big, black doctor. He is big and black; but he is kind. You'll be good to him, won't you, Myrtle? You won't cry, will you? Because, if you cry, you will make him feel bad."

Myrtle looked at her with her large eyes, in which the question was now supreme, and did not answer.

"He'll come," Elizabeth went on, "and make you all well. All strong and well. So you'll never have sore-throat."

Still the big eyes with the rippling fear-light in them.

"Do you know how he is going to do it?" I asked, with an archness of which I felt immediately a dim disgust.

"No," she said, very low.

"Well, you'll lie down on a table, just as if in bed. Then—whiff—and you'll be asleep. And when you wake up, you'll be all well."

She considered this gravely for a while, and longing for still more assurance, said: "I'll go to thleep, and then be well? He won't *hurt* me? He won't put a big iron thing in my mouf?"

"No, no, no!" Elizabeth cried passionately—from which I knew that she had had this morning her trial. "Oh, no, baby! You'll simply go to sleep, and then wake up, and be all well."

Myrtle gave a little sigh. "All right," she said.

But Elizabeth immediately saw, and I saw, that after all we had not done what we needed to do. And we had to go on.

"You won't cry, then, when the doctor comes in, Myrtle? And you won't cry when he puts you on the table? And when he puts a funny thing over your face, you won't cry, will you, but just take a big, long breath and go to sleep?"

"Somethin' on my face?" said Myrtle, now coming back in doubt, and tremulously, to the subject which had seemed settled.

"Yes," said Elizabeth with artificial lightness. "A little tin thing. You know the strainer hanging from the spout of the teapot? Well, a little thing like that. The doctor will put it on your little nose—and then you'll go to sleep right away!"

"And it won't hurt me?"

"No! No! No!"

She was looking down, a bit sidewise, as if at the floor. Suddenly her eyes were again upon us. "And when I'm athleep—" she began; and stopped.

"What is it—when you are asleep?"

"He won't put any big iron thing in my throat and hurt me?"

"No, no!" cried Elizabeth again with passion.

"Of course not," I assured heavily—and was seized a second time with dim discomfort.

"You'll be near, mamsie, won't you?"

"Yes, dearie, I'll be right close."

"And papa—will he be in the house?"

"I'll be in the next room, and I'll come as soon as you wake up."

She seemed satisfied, and we felt her, as though it were a physical act, put away the thing from her.

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"So, when the doctor comes, you'll be good to him, and won't cry; and you'll lie down on the table nicely, and breathe hard when they put the tea-strainer on your face," Elizabeth recapitulated.

"Yes," she agreed, almost with indifference, and turned calmly to her dessert.

But as soon as we were through, she climbed upon my knee and asked for the story of the little girl in the well. The story of the little girl in the well is, like the Peter Rabbit book, an opiate and a consolation.

As she was going to bed with Phyllis, she turned for an instant at the door: "You'll come and say good-night to me, won't you?" she begged, looking at me.

I answered that I would.

"I'll get undressed, and then you'll hear me call, and then you'll come, won't you?"

After a while I heard her call, and went into the room. Phyllis was already asleep; but Myrtle had her Peter Rabbit book all ready, spread open upon the coverlet.

We went through it devoutly, twice; as slowly and lingeringly as if it had been the first time. Then she said: "Now you can put out the light."

I reached the wall with my right hand, snapped out the light, and we were in the darkness, close. Then I felt her small arms wrap themselves about my head, and draw it up against her little chest.

I remained there long, that big head of mine upon her

little breast, listening to her heart, which galloped softly. Then, when her breathing had become slow and regular, I freed myself carefully.

When we awoke, the morning was bright at the windows. Phyllis, already dressing, was chirping in her room; but Myrtle, usually the first one up, remained in her bed, very quiet, till her mother roused her out with over-cheerful energy, and sent her out in the garden. I watched her a moment through the window. There was dew on the roses, and above, bird-notes like dew. But in the filtered sunlight there must have



"Her eyes stole to the closed door of the ominous room."

Drawn by
Elizabeth Earsnall.

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been, I suppose, a shadow. She stood uncertainly on the gravel walk, turned, came back up the steps, and when I went into her room a quarter of an hour later, there she was on the floor, huddled in her corner, reading her Peter Rabbit book.

We sent Phyllis out for a walk with the maid, and waited.

We had, of course, got up absurdly early. The waiting was long. Bells rang in false alarms—a futile telegram from a futile person; the baker; the butcher. Gradually our throats tightened. Once in a while, we looked at each other, Elizabeth and I, and our eyes said: "Aren't we silly—about a perfectly simple and natural matter; a little thing, perfectly safe?" Then, even as we looked, smiling, we felt our lips go white. And Myrtle, in her corner, read her Peter Rabbit book.

We undressed her and put on her very white nightgown.

The bell rang. This time there was a certain quality of decision in it, and three men in black strode along the hall to the operating room.

Myrtle was standing on her bed, so that her head was level with mine. Her eyes dilated; her jaw dropped a little; then her eyes were again steadfast into mine. "Tell me the little-girl-in-the-well thory," she begged, a pleading hurry in her tone.

The door between us and the operating room flashed open and shut again—and during the flash we had time to see that the black men were now all white. White to the feet, and white-turbaned. Myrtle drew me close.

I told the story of the little girl in the well. She had one hand on each of my shoulders, and her eyes were fixed upon mine. But in spite of my efforts, and in spite of her efforts, I felt at times her small mind escaping us in a fluttering inspection of the sounds behind the door.

It flashed open and shut again, and we had seen, near the long white table, a small white table, and upon it a glitter of polished steels, and in the midst of this glitter, prominent as a crown among lesser regalia, a terrible trap-like thing.

Myrtle began weeping softly, but stopped immediately as I gathered her up. "Tell me another thory, quick!" she whispered urgently. I told her the story of the six little boys and the six little squirrels.

For several minutes there had been a silence on the other side of the wall. The door now opened wide, and Elizabeth came in, swiftly and smoothly. "Come, Myrtle, darling," she said, going with directness toward the child. "We'll make you all well now."

But I felt within the small body against me a smothered crumbling chug, as if something had given way, had broken; and suddenly our ears, our heads, our nerves were vibrating to her high, desperate cry.

Elizabeth, white and firm, took her strongly from my treacherously yielding hold, and bore her toward the door.

I remained motionless there, petrified within the live whirl of the scream; I saw the child, swept away, throw toward me her imploring eyes, her beseeching arms, while I remained motionless there.

The door closed, and Elizabeth was standing by my side.

We stood there side by side, yet apart, stiffened against each other by some strange, irrational hostility. Within, the high cry had fallen; Myrtle was sobbing. Her voice climbed to another fear-shriek, probably as the mask was clasped upon her. The cry gurgled, smothered, weakened, sank—then detached itself and floated far away, here, there, everywhere, nowhere, the disembodied cry of the chloroformed, wandering will-o'-the-wisp of Pain.

I felt Elizabeth's hand reach toward mine, and seized it; but still our eyes stared away from each other.

Then that tenuous, etherealised plaint swooped down to a wild material ache; twice it did this. "They're not giving her enough; they're not giving her enough," whispered Elizabeth fiercely, and our hands twitched as we thought of the over-prudent hand of the anæsthetiser, we to whom everything that is desirable was now oblivion, a cessation of pain, tons and tons and tons of sleep.

At last there was a silence. Such a silence as follows the realisation of murder done. The door opened; the surgeon stood on the sill and said: "All right!" Elizabeth pounced within.

I remained where I was, sickened with a vague distaste. When I went in the men were gone; the room had been cleared, and was no longer white and cold. Myrtle was in bed, her cheeks flushed, and she was crying softly to herself, the end of a storm of

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tears. When I had come near, very abruptly she caught my head in her two arms, in a repetition of the strange gesture of the preceding night, and drew it up against her little chest.

This affected me immensely. I don't know what I had expected as just—a rebellion, a revolt, a tension. But this acceptance—it was hardly bearable.

I questioned her after a while, curiously.

"You see, it didn't hurt!" I cried in affected triumph.

She said: "My throat hurts awfully." Just like that, simply, without a vestige of reproach: "My throat hurts awfully."

I could remember us saying: "And you'll wake up and be all well."

"But it didn't hurt," I went on, "when—when you were asleep. While you were asleep it did not hurt."

"He hurt me," she said, uncomplainingly, as if stating a detached fact, "when he put the iron thing in. You know, the big iron thing."

I knew it immediately—only too well. Right here, I had the terrible vision of it, crammed down her soft throat—before she was asleep, before she was quite asleep.

Very clearly I heard our voices saying, before: "You'll lie down and go to sleep, that's all; and wake up and be all well."

"Kiss me," I said tentatively, not yet able to believe.

She took my head again in her two hands, and kissed me passionately on the lips!

Then, that vague, vast distaste, undulant as a haze within me, became something very sharp and very clear; a sense of cruelty and deceit and of guilt.

Of guilt. I sat there fighting the thing, and it would not down. Myrtle had called for Martha, her oldest rag doll; carefully smoothing its disreputable gown, she had slipped it beneath the covers by her side, and was sleeping now, its head tenderly within the pit of her enveloping arm.

I would say to myself: "Of course, it was for her own good."

(It was. There was and is no doubt of that.

Her cheeks are red and firm now, and she is happy all day long.)

I would say: "We *had* to take the responsibility."

(And we had. If not us, who? who?)

"Out of our superior knowledge."

(That was it. We had superior knowledge.)

"And use our superior strength. And deceive. It was the only way."

("It was the only way," something within me echoed, desolately.)

But this litany done, I would find myself facing still the clear sense of guilt.

I heard our voices saying: "You'll go to sleep, and then wake up and be all well."

And I saw the child, torn from my treacherous releasing hold, whisked away, arms supplicating, into a cavern of glittering things—abandoned, forsaken there—and tortured.

I could say: "It was for her own good. We had to take the responsibility. Out of superior knowledge. And use our superior strength. And deceive—"

Yet the sense of guilt remained clear and steadfast within me.

"Why?" I asked myself. "Why?" And could find no answer.

It was then it occurred to me, abruptly, that this, my temporary fix, must be God's fix all of the time.

What we had done to Myrtle, He must do to all men. What we had done once, He must be doing all the time—a million times a day.

He must take the responsibility. Out of His superior knowledge. And use His superior strength. And deceive.

Take blind souls, and torture them. For their good. For their health and their glory.

I don't see how He can stand it.

I do, in a measure, when He deals with the protesting, with the rebels and all who revolt. But when it comes to those that accept, that do not question, to the humble and the tender, to those who take His head in their puny arms and draw it to their little breasts—

I don't see then how He can stand it.

I don't envy God His job.



CULTURE AND CHARM

The Two Factors that decide Social Success

By KEITH J. THOMAS

Everybody wants to be "charming and cultured," but few there are who are willing to pay the price for these qualities. In this short article are some hints well worth attention by those who wish to attain social success—and those who, withal, wish to know something of the happiness of life.

*"To fireside happiness, and hours of ease,
Blessed with that charm, the certainty to please."*

—ROGERS.

It is certainly our duty to give pleasure to others. We are to make the world a better and a brighter place by our presence in it, and we have the sure promise that in meting out our measure of good, it will be meted out to us again. The kindly smile brings back the cheerful, glad wish, just as surely as the scowl begets black looks and evil sentiments.

According to modern beliefs, advanced by those who are well competent to judge, we should never allow our minds to create harmful thoughts and send them against people we dislike. Bad thoughts are said to have a corresponding physical effect on ourselves, just as good thoughts exhilarate the body while they uplift the soul. We all like those people who like us, who seem to bring sunshine into a room with them, and make us feel happier by their very presence. Who so happy as the lover whose love is returned? For him, the sun shines in the darkest places and the air is filled with heavenly harmonies. We should get those same inspiring sensations if we felt only goodwill towards all our fellows. Do you think the man who is consumed with hatred or malice can feel the gladness of the spring in his blood, or thank God for the glories of a perfect summer day? The nearer we get to the real source of the joy of life, the more real will become the beauties of the earth. For those who see only the good in their fellow-creatures, the bright and beautiful things of the world shine in their sublimest splendour. There are no dark or gloomy thoughts to dim the radiance of earth and heaven.

Believe in the Good

The first essential of that charm which attracts others is a belief in the innate goodness of humanity, and a strong desire

to help it forward. Many a friendship has been broken by a loan of money, but friendship was never broken by understanding sympathy and practical help. Out of a constant recognition of the good in others, and a persistent blindness to the faults and shortcomings of other folk, grow sympathy and tact. Many an action that seems harsh is seen to be necessary when all the circumstances of the case are known. Learn to make allowances and to judge others not from the standpoint of mental or moral superiority, but of equal weakness. That is the way sympathetic natures are made. Did not a London magistrate say that he never saw a prisoner in the dock without feeling that but for the grace of God he himself might be standing there? "Opportunity is a fine thing," but it can also be a bad thing. The man who is born into a well-to-do family has no temptation to steal. The man who is busy from morning to night and goes home tired out has small temptation to vice. Remember your advantages and be sure you turn them to account. Learn to appreciate the disabilities of others. The man with a perfect digestion does not realise how difficult it is to be good-tempered when one is suffering from dyspepsia. There is no virtue in being good when you are not tempted, or in being happy and cheerful when you have nothing to worry you. Virtue is a positive state of the mind and consists of active resistance to the difficulties of daily life.

This is all by way of proving that sympathy is not an instinct which some are born with and others can never acquire. It is a gift easily to be cultivated, and one which we should all cultivate. From sympathy we get tact, which is the oil that makes the wheels of life go smoothly. A tactless person is a selfish person. Forget yourself, and think of the likes and dislikes and of the comfort of others, and you will be

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factful. Get sympathy first, then you will surely be factful, and with these two saving graces you will acquire hosts of friends, and learn the vital secrets of success in everything that is really worth having in life.

Without these saving graces of the soul all the culture in the world is worth nothing; but as culture gives an added charm to good feeling and good manners, it should be sought on that account. The secret of happiness is the power to appreciate the beauties of the world and of the characters of its inhabitants, joined to the ability to share the joy of knowledge with others. The lonely man does not get the same pleasure out of his books as the man who is able to discuss their subjects and style with his friends. Hidden in all sorts of places are numberless points of interest the discovery of which adds infinitely to the zest of life. If we can find some of these for others, they, too, will discover some for us.

Inviting a Response

Let me make this point clearer. When you are writing a letter to a friend the chances are that if you write the stereotyped, uninteresting note, you will get a reply in a similar strain. If, however, you write interestingly, the person who replies to that letter will write back to you in a much more amusing manner than he would otherwise do.

Man is an imitative creature. The tendency is to save one's best thoughts and most diverting experiences for those who can appreciate them. You would not write of love to a woman-hater, or of humour to a person deficient in the sense of fun. But be humorous and bright in your correspondence and talk, and people will instinctively be amusing when they come into contact with you. If you write a good letter instead of a bad one, you are cultivating your gifts of observation and are enriching the treasures of your mind. Our habits react on each other. Let all your thoughts and deeds be calculated to improve the powers of your mind, and you will reap your reward a hundredfold.

When you have got into the habit of being interesting in your writing and talking, you will appreciate all the more the necessity and pleasure of cultivating your mind. You can converse with the greatest people in history by reading the best litera-

ture, but never forget that unless you turn your culture to practical advantage you might just as well have never read a line. The gospel of life is the gospel of action. Other people cannot make you clever or capable; you must do it for yourself. You do not read books merely to pass the time in a pleasant manner; you read them for what you get out of them, and you can get nothing out of them if you simply put their contents into the lumber-room of your mind. If the reading of good books is to give you a polished literary style, or a cultured habit of talk, what is the use of reading them unless you try constantly to improve your writing and your powers of conversation?

Acquiring Culture

There is a very simple and delightful method of acquiring culture in a practical manner, which used to be practised more regularly than it is in these strenuous and hustling days. Buy a few good books, say "Shakespeare's Sonnets," Hazlitt's "Table Talk," "Emerson's Essays," "Bacon's Essays," and Oliver Wendell Holmes' three masterpieces, "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," "The Professor at the Breakfast Table," and "The Poet at the Breakfast Table." (There are hundreds of others which will do as well, but these are good examples.) Read these carefully and in the margins with pencil make marks against passages you like particularly, and write your own remarks as you read them. You will not only enjoy the reading much more by adopting this plan, but you will fix the best passages in your mind. Afterwards, in odd moments, you can pick up the books and refresh your memory of the gems of thought which pleased you when you first discovered them. I have before me, as I write, a little volume of the "Table Talk" which I see I read in 1903 (it is a splendid plan, by the way, to write in a book the date you started to read it), and, dipping into it haphazard, I find the following among the passages I marked at that time:

"I walked out in the afternoon and saw the evening star set over a poor man's cottage, with other thoughts and feelings than I shall ever have again."

And again:

"For not only a man's actions are effaced and vanish with him; his virtues and generous qualities die with him also; his intellect only is

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immortal and bequeathed unimpaired to posterity. Words are the only things that last for ever."

"Bacon's Essays," like all great masterpieces, please different people in different ways. A marked book shows the individual taste of the reader, and it would be a delightful thing for a circle of friends to map out a reading course, and pass the books round, each marking the passages he liked best and making marginal notes on the context. Some would like Bacon for his range of knowledge, others for his style, others again for his deep insight. Here are some of the passages that appealed to me as I read the "Essays" for the first time :

"It was a high speech of Seneca (after the manner of the Stoics), that 'the good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished, but the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired!'"

A few lines lower down, I marked the following :

"It is yet a higher speech of his than the other (much too high for a heathen)—mark how in that aside the widest intellect is seen to have its narrowness!—" 'It is true greatness to have in one the frailty of a man and the security of a God.' "

Yet another marked passage reminds me that we should keep our independence of thought even in the presence of great thinkers. It is the oft-quoted phrase :

"He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune, for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief."

Bacon, indeed, points out that there are advantages to be derived from marriage, but in reading his essay "Of Marriage and Single Life" I find myself wishful to argue the point with him, which I conceive is a good thing for a modest mind to feel in the presence of a master. Quite recently a successful man said to me : "I had nothing when I married, but immediately afterwards I began to make money fast—I had to."

The Challenging Method

Reading good literature will sharpen your brain if you read it in a slightly argumentative spirit, and do not take the thoughts as being the infallible sayings of oracles. Having made these reflections, I thought I would refresh my memory of Bacon's life, so I turned up my encyclopædia (an indispensable adjunct to the book-lover, by the way), and found, somewhat to my surprise, that

Bacon was himself a married man. According to my authority he was of a very servile disposition, so perhaps if he carried that into his home life many of his views on the disabilities of marriage may be explained.

Reading Oliver Wendell Holmes, you will get some idea of what conversation may be. It is very brilliant conversation, of course, and much of it is very learned, but it shows what a wealth of interest life holds for the keen observer, and how that interest may be brought out in talk for the pleasure and information of others. You will love it for its tender sentiments, and for its acute, homely wisdom. I picked up the "Breakfast Table" series for the purpose of finding some marked passages for this article, and, reading many of them, felt once more the thrills of pleasure which they gave me at the first perusal :

"Poets are never young in one sense. Their delicate ear hears the far-off whispers of eternity, which coarser souls must travel towards for scores of years before their dull sense is touched by them. A moment's insight is sometimes worth a life's experience."

In another part of the same volume ("The Professor") he remarks :

"Life, as we call it, is nothing but the edge of the boundless ocean of existence where it comes on soundings."

Sharpening the Mind

If there is one thing more than another which creates personality and individuality, it is the original habit of thought which is acquired by sharpening the mind against the bright intellects of the world. It is a good mental exercise to take a subject treated by some competent essayist and write down a series of heads to denote arguments and facts which one would use in writing an essay on the same subject, and then to compare one's own ideas with those of the writer. You may do these things poorly at first, but they are worth doing even then, and, as you persevere and time goes on, you will attain to a degree of culture which you can use for the pleasure of yourself and of others. Don't be a mediocrity. Use the gifts of free thought and of intellect that the Creator has given you, and by so doing enoble yourself and be helpful to those with whom you live your daily life.



Monarchs of the Wood.

Photo: J. Galt



The HOME DEPARTMENT

INVALID COOKERY

By Blanche St. Clair

DURING the course of the year illness in some form or other visits the majority of homes. Maybe the misfortune, when it does occur, is merely a bad cold or a slight attack of influenza, or a general run-downness, brought on by having to turn out in all weathers, or—and this is a very common cause—the insufficiency of exercise. Whatever the origin of the trouble, however, the results are always somewhat disorganising to a busy household, and, when serious illness attacks either the breadwinner or the housewife, the ordinary work routine is often completely at a standstill.

Not least of the many extras occasioned by sickness is the preparation of food for the invalid, and, as nourishment is of the greatest importance, it is essential that no pains or trouble are spared to induce the patient to take the food which the doctor has ordered.

It is astonishing how comparatively few otherwise quite good cooks—both amateur and professional—can satisfactorily prepare and serve an invalid's diet. There seems to be some special gift—possibly it is simply that of great patience—required to plan (with due regard to doctor's orders and the tastes of the individual patient) dainty little meals which will induce her (or him) to not only actually consume the viands, but also provide the appreciation which is both the best appetiser and digestive medium. Many girls who can make and bake elaborate cakes and concoct wonderful puddings and sweets, are utterly incapable when it comes to making a simple jelly for mother, or preparing palatable and nutritive beef-tea for a sick father; and as to blending the milk food which forms such an important

item of invalid diet—only those who have struggled to consume the repulsive concoction know the effort it entails!

I suppose the reason is that many women are called upon quite unexpectedly to provide such meals, and that their capabilities in this branch of culinary skill have been hitherto untested; but this is a very feeble excuse, for where should we housewives be if we waited until compelled to learn how to perform the various tasks which fall to the lot of almost every woman at some time during her life?

I would therefore impress on every one of my readers the necessity of giving this matter of sick-room cookery their occasional consideration. Many so-called invalid dishes can appear—and with advantage—at ordinary meals; or, if not required in the home, can be dispatched to some sufferer, who will often eat with relish an unexpected meal kindly prepared by the hands of some thoughtful, affectionate friend.

The Importance of Dainty Service

It has been my misfortune to come in contact—both personally and in the members of my family circle—with much illness, and on this subject of the invalid's tray and the immense importance of its scrupulously clean and dainty appointments I could write a whole volume.

A crisp traycloth and napkin, pretty china, sparkling glass and silver, the apparently carelessly laid, freshly gathered blossom—these little attentions, trivial as they may seem to a hale and hearty person, do help the invalid to take nourishment. Illness seems to make us as children again, easily pleased and capable of being coaxed

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into partaking of essential nutriment prepared by those who so patiently minister to our wants, but just as easily "put off" by carelessly and untidily served food, especially when any hint of entailed trouble accompanies the meals.

How to Prepare Milk Foods

The essential point in milk-food diet is the proper blending of the cereal with the liquid, for nothing is more unpalatable than a cup of lukewarm lumpy food, and so sensitive are the invalid's digestive organs that carelessly prepared diet causes nausea-tion which is positively harmful, for the stomach rejects the disliked food, and the result is quite the reverse of what is intended. Arrowroot is frequently ordered by the doctor, and if the following directions are carefully followed a cup of creamy food, good alike to both eye and palate, should accrue :

Put 2 teaspoonfuls of the *finest* arrowroot into a basin, and mix it into a paste with a little cold milk; then pour $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of boiling new milk over it. The hot liquid must be added *very carefully*, and only in small quantities, otherwise lumps are certain to form. Stir the mixture all the time, and if a little lump does form crush it with the back of the spoon against the side of the basin at once. When thoroughly mixed pour into an enamel-lined saucepan which has been rinsed out with ice-cold water, and holding the pan over a slow fire (it must on no account rest on the coals) stir until it thickens and boils. Arrowroot must boil for ten minutes, otherwise it will taste raw and unpalatable, and be indigestible to the patient. The food can, if allowed, be sweetened and flavoured.

The little covered soup-bowls—made on the principle of a Chinese rice-bowl—which can be obtained in all sizes from fourpence upwards at any glass and china shop, are capital for serving milk foods in, for the cover prevents the food from cooling during the transit from kitchen to bedroom, and the skin—so disliked by many persons—from forming.

Oatmeal Gruel

This old-fashioned remedy has stood the test of generations of invalids, and still retains its honoured position on the list of sick-room diets.

Put 1 tablespoonful of oatmeal into a basin, and pour $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of cold water over, cover, and leave for half an hour. At the end of this time pour both water and cereal into a double saucepan, add a pinch of salt, and simmer for half an hour, stirring occasionally. When gruel is being taken as a preventive for a cold, a small piece of butter and a little sugar added just before serving are efficacious.

If the patient objects to the grains of oatmeal the soaking process should be extended to one hour, and the liquor only poured into the saucepan, when a quarter of an hour's simmering will suffice. A more nourishing gruel is made by substituting milk for water.

Sago Gruel

Put $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of water into a saucepan, and when it boils sprinkle in 2 teaspoonfuls (level) of sago. Continue to boil, stirring all the time until the sago is quite clear and the water has become thick. Flavour with lemon juice and sugar, or a little grated nutmeg.

How to Make Beef-tea

The two secrets of procuring good, nourishing beef-tea are, first, to cut the meat into minute pieces, and secondly, to cook it slowly, for on no account must beef-tea be allowed to boil.

Take 1 lb. of lean beef (the round, hough, or aitchbone are best) and remove every particle of fat, sinew, and skin. Cut up very fine with a sharp knife, and put into an earthenware jar. Pour 1 pint of cold water over, stir well, and cover; leave for one hour. At the end of this time stand the jar in a saucepan of boiling water for three hours, replenishing the water from a boiling kettle when necessary. Lift out the jar, strain off the liquor, and stand in a cold place.

When required, carefully remove any fat that has set on top of the beef-tea and re-warm (not boil).

Mutton, veal, and chicken tea are made in exactly the same way.

Raw-beef juice is often ordered for weak children, and this should only be prepared in small quantities as needed :

Take 1 oz. of raw lean beef and scrape it till completely pulped. Put it into a sou-plate and sprinkle 1 tablespoonful of cold

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water over. Cover with another plate, and stand in a cold place for two hours, pressing the meat at intervals with the back of a spoon.

This extracted juice should be served *very* cold, and if possible in a coloured glass.

"Light, Nourishing Diet"

When the patient arrives at this interesting stage the middle-day meal assumes the importance of a function, and with increasing strength the invalid begins to look forward to a dainty feed to satisfy his often quite keen appetite. It is now that the powers of the invalid's cook are taxed, and the results appreciated—or otherwise. Fish, steamed between two plates, or cooked in a paper bag in the oven (the latter process undoubtedly provides the more delicious meal), are the first solids allowed. Later on fried fillets (but absolutely dry and crisp, with no suspicion of grease) and little "made" dishes, such as fish scallops, pie, croquettes, etc., the addition of mashed potatoes and sauces being permitted.

The first meat generally consists of a mutton chop or cutlet, and here are some suggestions which will please the appetite-lacking patient.

Broiled Chop

Select a plump, not too fat, chop from the centre of the loin, weighing about 6 oz. when trimmed. Dust with pepper and place it on a greased grid-iron over a clear, hot fire. As soon as the under side is brown turn it, and continue to turn the meat at intervals of one minute until it has been cooking for eight minutes. (N.B.—Do not use a fork for turning, for the sharp prongs may stick into the meat and let the gravy flow out.)

Serve on a hot plate. A little piece of butter placed on the hot chop will provide moisture, but some patients turn with aversion from anything greasy.

Stewed Chop

A small casserole is best for cooking this dish, or failing such a useful culinary utensil, a tightly covered jar can be used. Trim all the fat from a plump chop, dip it in cold water, then roll in flour flavoured with salt and pepper. Place the meat in the casserole or jar, add 4 tablespoonfuls of good gravy or stock, cover closely and

stand in the oven. Cook for one and a quarter hours, turning the chop once or twice. If the gravy dries up add a little more. When the chop is cooked, lift it on to a hot plate, skim, and strain the gravy over the meat. Well-mashed potatoes, green peas, or a grilled tomato are a fitting accompaniment to this dish.

As a change, a small piece of fillet steak can be used instead of the chop. It is delicious cooked according to either of the foregoing recipes.

Poultry and game are regarded as invalid or convalescent diet. The most convenient bird for one person is a pigeon, which may be stuffed with a light forcemeat and roasted either in the oven or before the fire. Baked in a casserole, or very gently stewed over the fire, a pigeon provides an appetising meal, and if mushrooms or green peas are allowed they greatly add to the flavour of the stew.

Five Meals from One Chicken

Many persons think that a chicken must be cooked whole, and after the first meal can only be served cold or "done-up." In cold weather a chicken can be divided into five portions, each being cooked in a different manner.

To obtain five portions, first remove the two wings (giving to each a nice slice of the breast), then separate the legs, and finally cut off the breast.

The breast can be wrapped in buttered paper, placed in a baking tin, and cooked in the oven. It will require occasional basting, and, ten minutes before serving, the paper should be removed in order that the surface may delicately brown.

One wing can be steamed (between two plates over a saucepan of boiling water) and served with white, parsley, or mushroom sauce, accompanied by a crisp roll of bacon. The second wing can be cooked in a casserole or small covered jar with good brown gravy, vegetables being added at discretion.

A patient "well on the mend" will relish a grilled, devilled, or curried leg, and a very appetising meal can be made by boning a fowl leg, stuffing the cavity with forcemeat, and either frying or stewing the meat. The carcass, broken up and stewed, will provide a bowl of nourishing chicken broth.

THE ART OF PEN PAINTING

A Popular Substitute for Embroidery

By MONICA WHITLEY

PEN painting is certainly at the present moment the most popular of the minor decorative arts. Years ago it was extensively practised by French nuns for the embellishment of ecclesiastical vestments

while the black is 22 inches wide and is 4s. 6d. a yard.

Fig. 1 shows an original table-centre in pink gauze with a design of pink roses, forget-me-nots, and shaded blue ribbons.

Fig. 2 is a doily with mistletoe and holly design on cream gauze. There is a table-centre matching this, and the set, comprising centre and doilies, makes a charming table-decoration for Christmas time.

In Fig. 3 is seen an uncommon table-centre in black satin with sprays of purple and white lilac.

Fig. 4 shows a beautiful doily of white satin with lily design.

Fig. 5 illustrates a dainty candle-shade in parchment ornamented with the favourite flowers — forget-me-nots and roses. Candles may be decorated to match when only used ornamentally. Parchment lamp-shades look exquisite with Empire wreaths in pen painting.

Fig. 6 is a bag of cream bengaline with rose ornamentation.

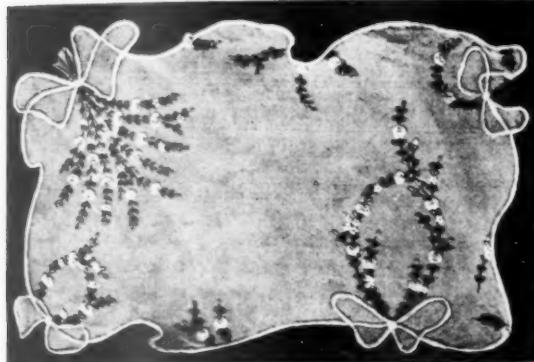


Fig. 1.—Table-centre.

instead of embroidery, and an examination of the modern examples of the art shows that the long-and-short stitch used in embroidery is cleverly imitated by the strokes of the pen, each stroke making a stitch.

Pen painting is, however, very much quicker in execution than embroidery, and therefore has an advantage over it for decorating articles which will not meet with much wear and tear.

Varied Uses

There is scarcely any limit to the materials to which it may be applied, from gauze, chiffon, silk, satin, and velvet to suède, kid, celluloid, and wood!

Chiffon scarves look lovely ornamented with sprays or wreaths of small flowers, and table-centres, doilies, and even collars and cuffs may have the specially prepared gauze for a foundation. This is procurable in several different colours, including cream, white, pink, and black. The pink and white are 40 inches wide, and are 6s. 9d. a yard, the cream in the same width is 7s. 6d. a yard,

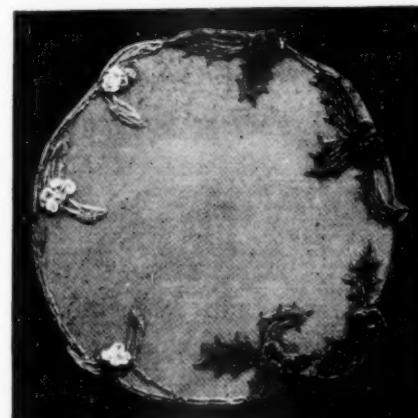


Fig. 2.—Doily with Design on Cream Gauze.

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Fig. 3.—Table-centre in Black Satin.

Fig. 7 is a lovely handkerchief box covered with pale blue satin. The top is decorated with purple clematis, and it is a most artistic bit of work.

An enthusiastic pen painter recently made an exquisite nightdress sachet of padded white satin, the top being covered with palest pink gouze ornamented with a rosebud design. This has to be seen to be fully appreciated, as no description can do it justice.

Many fashionable women have their evening shoes, either white, gold, or silver, decorated on the heels and toes with pen painting, and it has also been applied to gloves.

Photograph frames of satin, wood, or suède, or the numerous little boxes which are so useful for holding oddments, all provide a groundwork for pen painting. It

has even invaded the realm of the milliner, for a hat was shown the other day trimmed with a band of ribbon with pen-painted flowers on it.

An Inexpensive Art

One advantage of the art is that the outfit need not be an expensive one. Winsor and Newton provide one for 7s. 6d., in a neat case; but it is possible to buy the articles separately, and this plan is somewhat cheaper. The pen paints are put up in large and small tubes at 7d. and 4d. each, and a beginner's choice might include white, cinnabar green, Prussian blue, chrome yellow, vermillion, alizarin crimson, and blue-black. Besides these are needed a bottle of special powder at 5d., a bottle of



Fig. 4.—Doily of White Satin.

medium at 5d., and half a dozen special pen nibs at 1d. each. The back of an old plate will serve for a palette, and an old table-knife may take the place of a palette-knife for mixing the colours.

If the worker cannot have a few lessons from an expert, she should obtain two or three well-executed specimens to copy from, and practise until she is proficient.

If she has a knowledge of drawing she may like to make her own designs; otherwise she will be content with the transfer designs of Briggs, Deightons, etc., or she may buy articles already traced.



Fig. 5.—Candle-shade in Parchment.

THE ART OF PEN PAINTING



Fig. 7.—Handkerchief Box.

Supposing she has chosen a pink or cream gauze doily, the design should be pinned out on a drawing-board, then the gauze pinned over it, and the design will show through. But when satin or other non-transparent material is used the design must be stamped on it as for embroidery.

The colours should be mixed with the knife on the palette or plate. Three shades of each colour are generally used. A little white paint should be squeezed out and half the quantity of powder added to it, and the two well mixed together. Then this should be divided into three portions, and the requisite amount of colour added to get the right shades. Last of all one drop of medium should be added. This should be used very sparingly, as too much will cause a stain on the material.

White is used as the foundation for almost every colour except scarlet, which is made solely with alizarin and vermillion and powder.

To make a small rose, work from the centre, using the darkest shade. Take up portions of the three shades of paint on the knife, holding it in the left hand. Pick up on the pen a long, thin piece of paint, and make three strokes with this to form a triangle, but leaving no space in the middle. Then work round this three strokes in medium shade, and finally fill up the space round with strokes in the lightest shade.

For forget-me-nots pick up a little round ball of paint and make one stroke for each petal. Small leaves are made in the same way. Stalks are worked with the back of the pen.

Large flowers and leaves are filled up with strokes in imitation of the stitches used in long-and-short stitch embroidery, and ribbons are worked in the same way. The edges of doilies, etc., are generally finished off with scrolls or scallops. The scallops may be treated in imitation of either chain-stitch or buttonhole stitch, and then the material is cut away outside close to the paint.

After execution the work should be put aside some days to set, and then the edges of doilies, etc., may be trimmed off.

All the specimens illustrated were executed at the Regent Art Studios, 119 Regent Street, London, W., where all materials and designs may be obtained.

The writer of this article will gladly give further information and help to any reader. Inquirers should enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address: Miss Monica Whitley, c/o THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.



Fig. 6.—Bag of Cream Bengaline.

THE WOMEN'S WORK BUREAU

Conducted by "WINIFRED"

This Advisory Bureau advises girls and women as to the best course to pursue with regard to their work, training for a definite calling, etc.

There are no fees, but those requiring any information must enclose 6d. postal order (which should be crossed), and a stamped envelope, when a reply will be sent them by post. Address all communications to "Winifred," THE QUIVER Office, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

FROM MY LETTER BAG.—I

I HAVE received a good many letters of late that seem to me of sufficient interest and moment to be worthy of discussion in this column. Before I deal with these in detail I should like to make a few general remarks. One is, that I wish readers would study our few and simple rules before writing and keep them. This Bureau has been established to help those amongst our readers who need such assistance, and, believe me, it is much easier to do so if they (to begin with) follow out the lines we have indicated.

For instance, I get letters enclosing a fee for a private reply, but no stamped addressed envelope; I get letters enclosing a stamped envelope, but no fee; I get letters enclosing neither; I get letters expecting two or three replies for one fee.

Then again, there are people who imagine that there must be employers willing and anxious to give steady orders for the work they most prefer—usually something of the fancy order. Also there seem to be a good many people who will not trouble to look for work at all, but who are willing to do it if found for them—always a task of some magnitude.

Believe me, I am most anxious to do all I can for each one; but it is not possible to help people who are not willing to help themselves, and if these are shown the road to follow, who can they blame if they refuse to follow it? Nothing is harder to make than money, and as a prominent woman of business said the other day, she "had heard of spare-time employments, but whatever else people might make in spare time they cannot make money." ("Money" was used, of course, in the sense of income.) No; to do that demands the best you have—of time, energy, and endeavour. I have had a letter

from a lady at Driffield, which I am quoting in full, as it may possibly appeal to some of our readers:

"Can you tell me of (1) A lady who has had experience with town gardens, and who will supply me with roots or bulbs, and will give me occasional lessons or advice on flower growing? She must be economical, quite a home worker. I want to grow as many flower plants as it is possible to do without greenhouse or expensive manure, etc. (2) A lady or ladies who would give me some lip-reading practice or good reading lessons, or read to me herself, so that, though deaf, I may hear the correct pronunciation of words. (3) A lady who would give part time companionship. Must have well-balanced mind and be a home worker. (4) Cutting-out lessons. We are a quiet family, . . . I could give an order for a blouse to a deaf worker."

Would anyone who wishes to apply for any of the above openings enclose her application in a blank stamped envelope, which must be left open, and marked "Driffield" at the left top corner?

Then I have had this letter from another lady:

"Having read your remarks on 'Tea Shops' I thought you might like to hear of a possible opening for one. I was staying the summer before last at Over Stowey, a village on the Quantocks, and was told that there was a great want of a place where refreshments could be supplied. Also there seems to be an opening for a refreshment room at or near Bridgwater Station, G.W.R., used by many visitors to the Quantock Hills. No eatables can be had without going about half a mile. It might prove a successful venture to set up a shanty in the large space outside the station, as a lady did a few years ago at Northallerton, and had not cause to regret it—[I also have heard of this successful venture]—or to take part of a neighbouring house for the purpose. Possibly the want has been supplied since; but, if not, it might be a good opening for someone with a little capital. Over Stowey is eight or nine miles from a station (Bridgwater), and two from a post office (Nether Stowey). It has a church and letter box, and rents are cheap. Applications for houses should be made to the Agent, Quantock Lodge Estate Office, Over Stowey, Bridgwater, Somerset."

This lady also mentions a furnished cottage which may be rented cheaply. Very probably this information may be of use to some of our readers, and I strongly advise such to go down to the place and

THE WOMEN'S WORK BUREAU

see for themselves. There are undoubtedly many places still untouched where good and simple food, nicely served, would bring an ample profit.

Here is another letter I received :

"I should be glad if you could give me the name and any particulars available of a college in London

or the provinces where a training is given, or course of studies suggested, on scientific lines, for temperance workers."

If any reader can supply this information would she kindly send it in a blank stamped envelope, marked "Bradford Moor" at the left top corner?

"THE QUIVER" GUILD OF HOME WORKERS

THE following are additional members of the Guild :

33. Invalid would be glad of orders for crochet, fancy work, and would work for charities if material supplied. (E. T., Louth.)

34. Prize-winner solicits orders for fancy work, crochet, pen-painting, and pastinello work. (Mrs. A., Barham.)

35. Writing of any description. Unique designs for fancy work. (Mrs. W., Bath.)

36. Bookbinding. Books cleaned and mended. Leather work of all kinds. Box on approval. (Mrs. V., Rye.)

37. Orders wanted for boxes of fancy and useful articles. Poker work, pen-painting, crochet. Novelties. Sell well. (A. H., Worthling.)

38. Orders wanted for hem-stitching, babies' bibs, ladies' caps (for widows, etc.). Temporary housekeeping in Southern counties. (H. B., Southampton.)

39. Ex-headmistress, experienced caterer, with charming house, wants care of children, or would receive adult. Understands children. (Mrs. C., Woodhall Spa.)

40. Orders wanted for crochet work. (A. M. F., Wallingford.)

RULES

The rules of the Guild are as follows :

1. Any reader who is a bona fide home worker—i.e. does not work for the trade, or earn a living by her work—is eligible.

2. The annual subscription is one shilling.

3. A register is kept in which the names and addresses of all Guild members are inserted, together with particulars of the kind of work they undertake, or, if employers, the kind of work they offer.

4. "Winifred" reserves the right of refusing membership to any applicant at her own discretion.

5. Each member of the Guild has a number, and the numbers will be published monthly in the magazine.

6. No goods of any kind, or samples of any sort, are to be sent to THE QUIVER office.

Replies to notices must be enclosed in a blank, stamped, unfastened envelope, with the Guild number at the left top corner. This must be placed in another envelope addressed to "Winifred," who will forward the letter to its destination.



HAPPINESS AND WEALTH

HAPPINESS and wealth are not always associated together; most people strive after wealth in the belief that it will bring happiness in its train. The Kodak Company, however, are reversing this order, and want people to be happy first, the wealth to come afterwards. Their scheme,

into which many of our readers are entering enthusiastically, is to give various prizes, amounting in all to £2,645, to those who can show snapshots to prove they have been the "happiest" mortals. Details of the scheme are given in our advertisement section.

THE LAND OF THE LOST

A Story for Young People

By GORDON LOVE

LOST in thought, I found myself straying down a wonderful avenue of tall trees, a soft glow from the setting sun glistening on the drops left by a passing shower—or, stay, what was it that gave that silvery look to the tall grove of thistles that I was passing?

I stopped to examine them more minutely, but my attention was diverted by a strange little figure which came trotting down the path and passed me by as if unconscious of my presence there. A little old woman, armed with a large bunch of keys which jingled a pleasant accompaniment to the click of her high-heeled shoes as she bustled along.

I turned and followed her, seemingly the only other living creature besides myself in this beautiful garden, which stretched away along innumerable avenues: but I stopped short in amazement when we came to an open space spread with long tables, upon which were displayed millions of trinkets and jewels.

No one seemed to be attending to these stores of treasures except the little old woman, who muttered to herself as she poked and turned them over, referring now and again to a paper in her hand. Attracted by the fire and glow in a locket near me, I picked it up.

No little twopenny-haltpenny trifle this, but diamonds of the first water flashed and twinkled, and as, filled with amazement, I put it down again, it nestled against a string of blue glass beads which might have been the treasured possession of a little Sunday-school child. The old woman suddenly pounced forward and, seizing the blue beads, she was about to turn away, when her eyes met mine. Wonderful eyes she had, which twinkled with common sense, and then in a second changed completely, misting over with thought as she seemed to look through and beyond me down many years of remembrance. Back again they twinkled, and "Welcome," she cried, "to the Land of the Lost!"

A bell sounded in the distance, and off

toddled the little old lady again; and as I strolled after her I heard the sound of merry voices. In a shady glade lost children were playing with lost kittens or puppies which had strayed, and a little stream welled up at my feet with a pleasant tinkling sound. "What peculiar water!" I thought, as I stooped down to look at it; and lo! it was not water at all, but a continuous stream of hair-pins, which made a little metallic clink as they dropped over a small rock and flowed on through the garden.

Under the deep shadow of a tree lay a dark pool of spilt ink; and looking up carefully at the tall branches of the tree as it towered above me, I found the leaves, which struck me as being a peculiar shape, to be nothing but umbrellas hanging up until called for. More clumps of the lovely silvery thistles grew beside the pool, and I now saw that their heads were made of pins; and as I walked on down a pine avenue, I noticed that the needles were steel ones.

I now saw bounding the garden a very high wall, and in a porter's chair beside some enormous iron gates sat the little old woman I had seen before. She jumped up as a bell rang, and admitted two small boys. One looked like a stable-lad; the other might have been a jockey, but, strange to relate, his body ended in a neat white tie, for he had no head.

"If you please, Mrs. Rout-about," said the stable-boy, "have you seen anything of a spare head? This lad was riding his first race, and he ought to have won; but he lost his head at the finish, so you see he was beaten, and we came straight on here."

"I am afraid his head was not screwed on the right way," replied the old lady. "It may be in my miscellaneous heap. You had better come and see." And they were soon turning over a huge pile of all kinds of things from which Mrs. Rout-about triumphantly produced a chubby-faced head with a black jockey-cap tightly tied on to it.

"There!" she said. "For the future mind you keep your head in an emergency."

THE LAND OF THE LOST

And as the two lads ran happily away, she turned to me.

"Come, stranger lost in thought, there are still many things to see."

She pointed out, as we passed, the large heaps of gold and silver, fortunes lost or squandered, as well as the occasionally mislaid coins; then a great heap of sand, which had run out of the broken hour-glasses. And we walked along the wharf by the side of which lay so many beautiful old ships lost at sea, galleons and wooden four-deckers, with here and there a modern merchantman, torpedo-boat, or little yacht.

Then my companion led me to what looked like a row of cupboards in the wall.

"These," she said, "are my most private cupboards. This first one no one is ever allowed to look into at all, and if they did, in all probability they would see nothing. It is where the lost opportunities go. Those who are too lazy or in too great a hurry miss the chance of doing a good turn to someone or of improving their own talents; then the opportunity is lost and comes here to be

locked up, and is very very seldom found again.

"And this next cupboard is for lost hearts. When people lose heart and give up trying, the heart comes here and is kept locked up until the owner grows braver, thinks he will have another try, and comes and asks for his heart back, for no one can do anything if they have no heart in the matter. Here also are the hearts which are given away to those who are unworthy of them and cast them aside, so they come here and are put away until someone thinks they are worth having and calls for them."

We turned from the cupboards, and as the sun cast one last, lingering ray before dropping below the horizon, I again looked into the eyes of the old, old lady who through so many years had been a faithful guardian of the lost, and as I gazed I thought I saw shining there the light of patience, remembrance, and faithful endeavour, without which so much which is lost may never be regained.



"In a shady glade lost children were playing with lost kittens or puppies which had strayed."

Drawn by
Chas. Robinson.

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS

Readers' Opinions on, and Solutions of, the Problem

SCORES of letters have been received from readers, commenting on the articles in the "Mothers and Daughters" Number of *THE QUIVER*. It is only possible to quote extracts from a few of these communications, but those given below are typical.

The cheque for One Guinea has been sent to Miss Dorothy Williams, 18 Lathbury Road, Oxford, for the following letter:

Work Wanted

The "Mothers and Daughters" problem seems to be the outcome of the Women's Movement, which, whilst enlarging the sphere of woman's activity, has also increased her responsibility. The modern girl's education is designed to develop every faculty, and to inculcate habits of serious work, of self-reliance, and of authority. Amongst her school-fellows the girl associates with some who are going to enter professions, and with many who intend to pursue some definite course of study when schooldays are over. Such a girl, leaving the busy school life, with its many activities and interests, for a quiet home life, is doomed to disappointment, because she will find no outlet for the initiative and energy which her school training has awakened. True, she will have occupations and amusements, but there will be nothing which will tax her powers, and leave the satisfaction of successful effort. She will feel herself unemployed.

If she tries to find some definite work, she will meet with many small hindrances, perhaps even with opposition from her parents, who are anxious that she should "make the most of her youth."

The girl who has to work hard, and who knows that her work is needed, is seldom discontented. It is the sense of wasted time and unspent energy which makes girls depressed and irritable.

A great deal of the restlessness and nervous exhaustion which we often see in quite young girls results from their trying to still, by incessant occupation in trifles, their craving for an absorbing pursuit. If parents would only realise that it is the unused capacity for responsible work which makes their daughters restless and rebellious, and would help to find some sufficient scope for their girls' talents, there would be far less friction and far greater affection and understanding.—DOROTHY WILLIAMS.

Temperamentally Unlike

I am a woman of forty, and in spite of having an excellent mother, whom I fondly loved, my girlhood was not happy. Thirty years ago people did not trouble much about careers for their girls, and when schooldays were over I was expected, being the eldest of five children, to

settle down and make myself useful. This I was content to do till I could be spared, and was old enough to train for nursing.

My mother and I were temperamentally unlike, and though there were doubtless many faults on my side, she lacked imagination enough to realise that I was a distinct entity and must lead my own life. Happiness came to me, however, when I married in my twenty-third year, and I have had plenty of "nursing" since!

When I became a mother myself, my *daughter* love became deepened and intensified, and I have tried ever since to be a tender daughter.

The sweet possession of a daughter has been denied me (perhaps a retributory dispensation!), but if I had one I would recall my own girlhood and try to be a wise and loving mother.

I would strive to recognise her individuality and to strengthen and encourage her best points, even if she were quite different from me. I would seek to remember that, being a generation in advance, she could not see things in the same light, and that her views should receive due consideration.

If she showed any special bent, it should be trained as well as means would allow. My ideal career for a girl is skilled housewifery, but even if she were otherwise gifted I would see to it that she knew how to "run a house." If she were living at home, I should make her responsible for certain definite duties, being careful, however, not to exact too much of her time.

I hold the theory strongly that human relationships are very much what we choose to make them, and I am sure that the beautifying of this particular one holds a rich reward both to mother and daughter, for whatever a son may be, "a daughter's a daughter all her life."—LETITIA.

From a Grandmother

Mothers owe far more duty to their daughters than their daughters to *them*. As well as being accountable to them for their existence, they also are bound to account for their tempers, tastes, and dispositions—as these are usually a reproduction of their own, or of those of the husband they have chosen to be father of their families. Their "falling in love" is the first step in the solution of this modern problem; and if this foundation-stone be "well and truly laid," the edifice of beautiful and harmonious after-life will grow apace to the delight of all beholders.

I therefore feel that mothers—a class much over-rated and spoiled—can solve this problem if they will. I see many daughters silently sacrificing their dearest hopes in unappreciative homes; and I do not see any mother losing all she values, in devotion to the highest interests of her daughters. The rights of the young are often ignored or denied in family arrangements.

If girls, when they marry, choose good husbands, and be good wives, they are certain to

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS

become grand mothers. Good and happy daughters will then grow up around them, as a matter of *course*, and this very unnecessary problem will cease to exist.—(MRS.) MARION BUCHANAN.

From a Happy Mother

I am the mother of three daughters, and my experience of the relationship between mother and daughter has been a happy one. First, there has been entire confidence between me and my daughters. I believe they really do tell me everything—their joys and sorrows, successes and failures, love affairs and disappointments—and I enter into their experiences as keenly as if they were my own.

I believe that there should be the most intimate confidences between mothers and daughters. Mothers should be able to speak to them about the most private things, viz. wifehood, motherhood, and to warn them against the dangers to which innocent girls are exposed. No one can do this like a mother.

Then, we have always been real comrades. We have worked together, and played together, and my girls have enjoyed both more when "Mother" shared them with them.

I cannot understand rivalry existing between mothers and daughters.

It affords me the keenest joy to see my girls noticed and admired, far exceeding the joy of shining myself. We mothers have had our "good time," and there is pleasure in standing aside and seeing our daughters have theirs.—A. M. C.

A Threefold Discord

Writing from the standpoint of experience in the Mother and Daughter problem, it frequently seems that the discord is of a threefold character :

(1) Want of understanding. (Parental side.)

"We will give our girl the best of educations," which, translated, means a round of intellectual excitement with the stimulus of competition always at hand—and this is to be an equipment for a quiet home life! Is it not akin to training a pony to take hurdle and fence at flying leaps, and then using him for quiet rides in country lanes?

(2) Want of sympathy. (Parental side.)

Take a musical girl, fresh from the culture of an instructor, who has encouraged her thirst for study of the master composers. Now, at home, she is only asked to play a pretty piece, "something with a tune in it," or to sing a homely song! Could anything be more damping to youthful enthusiasm?

If mothers (and fathers, too) would only evince a *sympathetic* interest in their daughters' pursuits, they would find a ready response in the loving help and willing hands for which they are longing.

(3) Want of unselfishness. (Filial side.)

At no time does a girl require "mothering" more than when school life closes.

A new world is opening in which mother's hand must guide, mother's heart cheer and soothe, mother's life point the way to the Christlike, selfless one.

It was mother who in childhood's days taught

of a Saviour's love, and who is now to carry on the fuller teaching of selfless service. It is for her to point to the Bible as the guide-book, to illustrate in living St. Matt. xviii. 4, which, together with 1 Cor. xiii. and Titus ii. 12, 13, make complete the true harmonies of "A Happy Home."—FEMINA.

A Personal Experience

It seems to me that the crux of the whole matter lies in the fact that so many people enter upon matrimony, and subsequent parenthood, with but a slight idea of the tremendous responsibility involved.

I remember a mother saying to me once, and I have never forgotten it: "—will be leaving school at Christmas. I do hope I shall be able to do my part. I know I cannot hope to do it alone, but I must ask God's help and blessing." Surely that mother realised *her* responsibility, and I do not think there has ever been any hint of a "problem" between those two, for they are "friends" in the best and highest sense of the word.

With all my heart and soul I would plead with mothers for "a more generous consideration of personal claims" and "opportunities for individual privacy," to quote Mrs. —'s excellent advice.

It may seem unusual to your readers, but I was twenty-seven before my correspondence was regarded as my own special private property, and it was only after a long and rather painful fight for independence on my part that this surveillance was relaxed.

I am fortunate in having good and kind friends, but there are times when I feel with Elizabeth Chesser, that "nothing can make up to a girl for the lack of sympathy and understanding in her mother."—AN ONLY DAUGHTER.

Mother on a Pedestal

In the past mothers have been so careful to keep themselves on a pedestal, so to be reverenced, and they have feared that by coming down off that pedestal to the child's level, and joining in the child's interests and play, they might lose the respect due to them.

Never was there a greater mistake! The child may have less of the *awe* with which children were wont to look upon their mother. But, oh! the real, strong cementing love and comradeship gained by thus making herself one with her child in all its interests is far and away a better and a greater thing!

And think what it means to a daughter, as life opens out to her, and the emotional part of her being develops! What a safeguard and what a relief to her to have her mother to go to whenever she has difficult questions that need wise answering.

And to discuss these matters freely and openly with a daughter, there must be a real understanding between mother and daughter.—(MRS.) KATE M. TUPMAN.

The Self-centred Daughter

I am a daughter myself, and I write with ten years' experience of living at home behind me.

THE QUIVER

I know the constant jars, the friction of will against will ; I know, too, that the mother may sometimes misunderstand—may often be wanting in sympathy—but far more appalling is the daughter's self-centredness. She seems utterly incapable of realising how colourless and drear is her mother's outlook on life compared with her own. She has youth, health, beauty perhaps ; her life stretches before her, with all its glorious possibilities and grand opportunities. Happiness, love, a life of usefulness and goodness are hers ; while through the dim vistas of the years-to-be lie paths untrodden, but pregnant with mystic rapture. But her mother ! Advancing years and failing health, the deep heart-pain of motherhood, of disappointed hopes, of the shattering of cherished ideals ! Oh, you daughters ! won't you rise up and put an end to this state of affairs ? Not 'till you are mothers yourselves, and your daughters bring your hearts with their carelessness and their indifference, will you realise and understand, and then it will be too late !—C. LAMBOURNE.

Do Housework

As a daughter at home for many years, I realise some of the difficulties that arise between mothers and daughters, but I believe they are often magnified by outsiders. Backs and burdens are fitted together very wonderfully, and many daughters are pitied who are really very happy. In these days of keen competition, a comfortable home, an assured income, and freedom from heavy responsibilities are surely worth a good deal of forbearance and self-sacrifice, if these two qualities are called for. I know there is friction sometimes, but that may be overcome by true affection, if all parties concerned have plenty to do ! No woman can be happy unless she is well occupied. Why cannot more home-daughters do the work of the house, wholly or in part, and solve the domestic servant problem at the same time ? It would be far better than trying to "kill time" with endless trivialities, and ruining one's temper in the process. I speak on this point from practical experience.—E. M.

Service, not Happiness

That a daughter is discontented does not necessarily, though it may often, mean that the home and mother are at fault. The girl is young, and has not yet learned that in every walk of life there is the same feeling of being somehow bigger than one's task.

"A man's reach must exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for ?"

The newly emancipated schoolgirl cannot know this till experience has taught it her. Therefore gentle authority should be exerted, and the young daughter told lovingly but firmly :

"You have left school, you are seventeen ; I want you to spend the next three years at home with me, fitting yourself to be a home-maker. After that you shall be free, if you wish, to take up any work you feel called to."

From the first she should be definitely responsible for certain tasks. She should be obliged

to keep strictly within her allowance, without borrowing. For one year, at least, she should have entire charge of the household, purse and all. This will be good both for mother and daughter, though, doubtless, a trial to the former.

Even the college girl should have this home-training at some point in her career.

Daughters must realise that not happiness, but service, is the highest good.—"THIRTY-TWO."

Undemonstrative Mothers

One thing does not seem to have entered the thoughts of any writer, and that is the undemonstrativeness of some mothers. It seems almost impossible that mothers, who really do love their little ones in their own hearts, can fail to express it in loving looks, tender words and soft caresses. And yet it is so, for I myself have missed these things, and have longed for them—unknowingly most of the time—from babyhood. Oh, it starves the loving little hearts of the children, and how can a mother expect to have the love and confidence of her girl as she grows up if she has never won it from the baby ?

The mother who talks to her little one, as the mother portrayed in the first article, who takes the child racked with growing pains into her arms, and soothes her with loving words, has a much better chance with her daughter when she arrives at the "difficult stage" than does the mother who merely says : "It's only growing pains ; don't be a baby." And yet how many mothers habitually talk to their children after this manner, and never, or scarcely ever, make manifest the love they feel for them ! —E. H.

A Hard-working Woman

I am only a hard-working woman, and my opinion may not count, but I never can understand people saying they wish for no family. I would rather have ten children than none. I have five children. Ours is not an ideal home, but I believe it is a happy one ; at any rate, I know my children would rather be in their own home than anywhere.

I quite agree with the idea of giving each work to do, as I believe work is one of the finest things on earth ; and we ought also to encourage each in their individuality—no two children are alike, even in a family. God did not mean us to be—one may excel in one thing and one in another, and a mother's duty is to find out the best in her children, and draw that out.—(MRS.) JULIA BROWN.

No Perfect People

In the "Mothers and Daughters" problem you have a replica of the wife and husband problem in some of its features, with other features all its own. But the problem is more general. Anybody who expects anybody else to prove perfect in any relationship of life will encounter disillusionment. No wife has been a husband, and no husband a wife ; but the mother has been a daughter, and if she confesses

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS

the truth, must admit she was not always a perfect daughter, and that, indeed, at times she fell far short of it. No mother can reasonably expect her daughter to be, feel, think, speak, act, like herself. No daughter can reasonably expect it of her mother; but that is a Lone House indeed within hail of which there are no other girls—and no decent young fellows—for companionship and the sport as natural to the maiden as the kitten.—PERCY E. KINGSFORD.

Fires and Flowers—a Failure

Having suffered for years in consequence of the dissatisfaction of my daughter, and constant friction, I have been glad to read the correspondence, hoping for suggestions of help. The entire charge of flowers and cake I tried, long since; also room with gas fire for friends. *All failures.* The fact is, it is not enough for the mind.

I advise mothers to hold their own position. First, in the home, and seek regular employment for her girls soon after leaving school; this should prevent the father's petting and spoiling, as is usual when only one girl.

Work and the co-operation of the husband is the *only cure* for this trouble.—EXPERIENCE.

The One Thing Denied

If only mothers would recognise the independence of their daughters when past adolescence!

The home, in my view, is first a nursery, then a school for the training of citizens. Therein parents endeavour, with very varying success, to inculcate whatever seems best to themselves, morally, religiously, intellectually, aesthetically. Later on, outside influences come strongly into play, the more so in this age of travel.

The final result is beyond the parent's control. Too often they are angry if the grown child's outlook differs from their own. But it *ought* to differ, if there is to be progress from one generation to another.

No schoolmaster dictates the opinions of his former scholars. He is only too proud if he has turned out an original thinker.

And blood-relationship confers no proprietorship over human souls.

The mother-instinct that so well met the baby's needs does not suffice for the grown daughter. It received its reward in the baby's smiles. The sympathetic insight that can deal with grown-up minds is a rarer gift.

It receives its reward in the daughter's devotion. But, alas! how many well-meaning mothers there are who begrudge their daughters nothing—except their individuality!—THUGATER.

Patience and Silence

Your articles by the anonymous writer and by Dr. Chesser are specially timely and suggestive.

Even our quiet Scottish villages are familiar with this tragedy, and the suffering of some girls is all the more poignant that it is unsuspected by their mothers.

My experience is that the blame nearly always rests most largely with the older woman.

We are apt to forget that the price of the joy of motherhood is paid in full only at death. Neither when our daughters leave school nor at any other time does the day come when we may cease striving to overcome self, or trying to see with the eyes of a younger generation. Never may we relax our efforts to make home attractive and to maintain an intelligent acquaintance with our children's studies, enthusiasms and ideals. Our humour and cheeriness, our sympathy and "understanding heart" require daily cultivation.

Many of us realise too late that the foundations of happy companionship in later years must be laid when the wee daughters are in the cradle, so to speak. From a mistaken idea of love, we neglect to teach them self-control and resource, and to inspire in them, as the years pass, a love of thoroughness and some idea of the dignity of work. When the early teens arrive we are not ready to substitute friendly guidance for authority.

The best mothers I know discourage their girls from remaining comparatively idle at home. They help them to recognise their limitations, to widen their sphere of action and of interest, and to train themselves for the niche in life they hope to fill—whether of the severely useful or of the lily-work order.

They meet the days of arrogance and inexperience, even of apparent ingratitude, with a cheerful patience and—wise silence.—(MRS.) A. R. S.

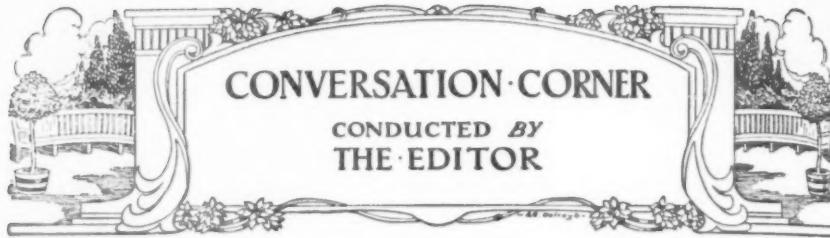
The Changing Order

I think the answer to your problem lies in an oft-quoted line of Tennyson:

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new."

And the result of this change in the home world, as in the industrial world, is *Unrest*, and the unrest in both cases is the result of education.

The girls of to-day are being taught to think and reason and act for themselves, and so, naturally, their opinions clash with those of their mothers, to whom no such licence was for an instant allowed. The play *Milestones* portrays this truth most admirably, i.e. the difference in the point of view of each succeeding generation. Personally, I think the adjustment will begin in the coming generation, for as we look around the world to-day a spirit of *youth* is abroad. Gone are the old ladies and the old maids of the Victorian era. The women of the future will meet the girls of the future more or less on their own ground. The points of contact will be greater, and a point of contact is surely an absolute essential for "friendship," which is the crux of the whole matter, for friendship brings with it mutual understanding, self-sacrifice and toleration—three great qualities which cause all bickerings and misunderstandings to flee away, and in their place come up the fruits of the Spirit: "Love, joy, peace, long-suffering and gentleness." Do we not need them to-day?—MANX.



Opportunities

HALF the people you meet complain that they do not get "opportunities." Here is a lady who "longs to do good," but with her restricted home life really cannot see that she has the necessary opportunities for "ministering to a tired world." A young fellow of ambition and industry complains that he has no opportunity for proving his worth and establishing his position, as he is employed on purely routine work. On the other hand, you occasionally come across people who bemoan the opportunities they have lost. Three business friends were discussing the matter with me the other day after lunch. I put the question point-blank to each one of them, "What was the best opportunity you ever lost?" and curiously enough could only get the vaguest replies. Not one of us was conscious of having missed any really great opportunities. I have been making inquiries since, and find this to be quite a common attitude of mind. Undoubtedly there are a few people here and there who can look back on some definite crisis in their life-history and say, "If only I had taken the opportunity presented to me then, the whole course and current of my life would have been altered for the better."



Rare "Golden Chances"

I HAVE said that only a few can look back on crises of that sort. Shall I go farther and say that fewer still would be right in thinking that the opportunity embraced would really have been for the better? One of the friends to whom I put my question said that the best opportunity he ever lost was that of going into the Civil Service. Now there are some people suited for Civil Servants, and some who are not, and my friend is emphatically one of the latter class. His strong individuality, assertiveness, and restlessness would have made the position a source of discontent and failure—just as those qualities have made him a prominent success in the busi-

ness he has undertaken. In fact, the "opportunity" he lost was no opportunity at all. The same remark applies to many more "golden chances" that exist only in the imaginations of one's friends. "Now, Henry, if you had only have gone abroad when you had the chance you would have made your fortune like Smith has done," says Mrs. Jones to her husband. Henry Jones, however, knows well enough that what was the open door for Smith was marked "no thoroughfare" for him. He was not by temperament suited to the position, and the "opportunity" was no opportunity at all.



Blazing Out the Trail

ALL this may be taken as an easy and comforting philosophy for the person who has not done as well as he might. Reflect a little, however, on the opportunities that have come your way and that you have embraced. Two facts will, in the majority of cases, emerge. The first is that though they may be few, chances have come to each one of us—such opportunities as were really suitable, and that have opened out, if not an expanding, at least a continuous road. The lane may have been narrow and winding, but it still leads on. The second fact is this: the big opportunities that we get are largely of our own making. Here is an employer who has an important vacancy to fill. He knows the worth of sixty men, and offers the position to one. "Lucky man," say the other fifty-nine, "I wish I had his opportunities." But the golden chance came to the "lucky man" largely because he had fitted himself for it. He had made and taken hundreds of opportunities on a small scale, and now the big opening was inevitable.



The Golden Word

PUT the case another way. Here is a woman with a "genius for friendship." One day there comes an opportunity

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for her to say a word which entirely alters the current of another life. She says the word, and that other soul ever after holds her in grateful remembrance. An easy thing to do, and a great reward. "But we do not get the opportunities for doing things like that!" you complain. As a matter of fact, that opportunity came as the result of a great deal of the "drudgery work" attached to the High Office of Friendship—meaningless trifles that you and I do not trouble about, but attentions which constitute the bricks and mortar of friendship. She made her great opportunity, and took it.



The Quest of Little Openings

JUST here a reader turns the page with the remark, "Platitudes." Quite so, but half life is spent in learning platitudes, and the other half in observing them. We come to the end of the holiday season, and face another autumn and winter. Speaking just for myself, I am not conscious of any epoch-making opportunities that have come my way, and that I have failed to take up. I do know, however, that there are numbers of little things that I have missed, or that I might have improved upon. On them I will try to concentrate, and maybe a more faithful observance of these will lead up to a grand opportunity, for which, even if it came along to-day, I should prove myself unfit. Perhaps this is the feeling of a great many of us. So let us all to the Quest of Little Openings leading to the Land of the Great Swinging Gates!



Dr. Campbell Morgan's "Chance"

WHAT other man than Dr. Campbell Morgan would have found an "opportunity" in Westminster Chapel? Probably no other preacher in Great Britain or America could have attempted it with any prospect of success. But opportunities do not "come" to Dr. Morgan; he makes them. In a few months Dr. Morgan celebrates his jubilee birthday, and I am taking the opportunity of giving an appreciation of our great Bible preacher, in the form of an article by Mr. C. T. Bateman, and a choice collection of photographs, specially taken, of Dr. Morgan and his family, in their Cambridge home. This will appear in my October number.



The Oldest City

FOUR thousand years ago Abraham, the Father of the Faithful, crossed the desert and alighted on the ancient city

of Damascus. It was ancient then; but whilst Nineveh and Babylon have passed away, Damascus has remained. To-day it is the centre of an important system of railways and the seat of the Turkish Government in Asia Minor. The American Colony of Jerusalem, whose work is already familiar to my readers, has secured a splendid series of photographs of Damascus, and these will form the principal feature of my next number. Mr. H. J. Shepstone is writing the text for "The Oldest City in the World."



The Difference Money Makes

EVERY reader of my October number will turn first of all to "Prairie Fires." Our serial story has a remarkable ending, but, as is only right and proper, a happy one. If only Robin had had a little more money! I have had an interview with Annie S. Swan on "The Difference Money Makes," and readers will be interested to hear what she has to say on snobbery and the power of the purse. There is also an important announcement in regard to the next serial, but I must refer readers to my next number for these.



Home Lessons

DO you allow, or encourage, your child to do home lessons? There is a considerable agitation in some circles in regard to the matter, and now that children are going back to school again after the holidays, an article in my next number on "The Crusade Against Home Lessons," by Miss Amy B. Barnard, L.L.A., will be timely. The same issue will contain an important article entitled "The Ladder of Religious Education," by the Rev. Richard Roberts, who is to contribute the "Sunday School Pages" in our next volume.



Mothers and Daughters

THERE has been considerable speculation as to the identity of the author of the two articles on "Mothers and Daughters" in my May and June issues, and some people have had the impression that they were the work of Mrs. Florence L. Barclay. This is erroneous; the author of "The Rosary," I am informed, writes nothing anonymously. Everything Mrs. Barclay prints is signed by her.

The Editor



The
**COMPANIONSHIP
PAGES**
Conducted by ALISON
Motto.
By Love Serve One Another

*How, When and
Where Corner,
September, 1913*

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS.

We must first of all wish each other "Many Happy Returns" of this birthday of ours. Most of you will have remembered, at least the older Companions, that this is our fourth birthday, and I shall be receiving, no doubt, many letters from you in remembrance. Our fourth birthday, and we have four little friends depending upon us! That is good; but we want to do more. So do not let us even dream of resting upon our past, but go ahead in every possible way. There are so many to whom our friendship and help could well be given.

If it were possible—and I wish it were—for me to link my arm in yours, each of you, and have some walks together these September mornings, what a host of subjects we should have to talk about. The fields are so specially beautiful these mornings. The long shadows of the trees and hedges and the clouds stretch over the fresh grass or the golden stubble, and there are voices that call imperatively: "Come out, come out, and breathe the cool, spicy air with us."

One of the subjects I should like to talk of with you would be Heroism. I should try to get you to tell me what you think heroism really is, in its essence, and to tell me of many of the heroic deeds you had seen in your own circle. And I think I should tell you that the older I grow the more I realise that the finest heroism isn't the advertised kind, and its possessors are usually unconscious that they are heroes or heroines. And I expect we should exchange lots of yarns, if we were convinced about the quality of heroism, of deeds we had seen

and words we had heard that told of quite ordinary people who, it seemed, were truly heroic. And no doubt we should come to the conclusion that what the world wants very badly is more heroes: men and women who will set out to fight great moral battles—battles against selfishness, unhappy thoughts and deeds, impurity and all that wrongs themselves and others.

And I am sure we should agree that if our motto could be adopted actively as the motto of the whole world, then many things that hurt us all to-day would quickly be done away with. And out there in the clear morning light we should understand that that is really what we should be striving for, to be soldiers fighting against all I have mentioned; and we should feel that for us all, boys and girls, there must be one high, noble standard of purity, of personal purity, and purity of thought, and heroic spirit and aim such as is hidden in the words heading our pages. There is tremendous harm and evil in our midst to-day because for long years many people have believed that girls must be always sweet and pure and true, but that for boys the standard need not be quite so high; that if *they* did sometimes get spots on their escutcheons—their personal purity and honour—well, it didn't matter so much as it would for girls! But nothing our Great Teacher ever said could be made to endorse that. And what we want to understand, and to act on, is the fact that He gave our motto to be the law of all, and that the transforming of the whole world into what He intends and longs for it to be is waiting for us individuals to help to bring about by our own fulfilment of the law.

This is just my little birthday message to you each and all. We will try—won't we?—

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to carry it out this year better than before. I want to add a story of heroism to it. It was told by a missionary we know one evening when he was talking to a few of us, and telling some of the intimate things about his own work and life such as he would not tell in a public meeting. It concerned a friend of his. The name would be known to a lot of you, and is known all over China as that of a true brave knight of Jesus Christ.

During the Boxer rising of some years back, when the Christian Chinese and the Europeans out there had such trying experiences, this man was in a town where the danger was specially great. He was told by the Consul that he had better get away, but he refused. "If you stay, then," the official said, "you stay at your own risk." "I shall stay," was the answer. This man is not a very strong man in some ways physically, and what he suffered through the awful months of anxiety in that Far Eastern city none of us can imagine. But this is the incident. One day he was walking outside the city, and he passed some Chinese soldiers amusing themselves with a game. A short way on he saw another soldier. This man was lying by the roadside, wounded and suffering badly. The missionary stopped and bent over him, and saw how ill he was. He turned to the other soldiers and asked them to take their comrade into the city to the hospital. But oh, no, they weren't going to do that! Let him wait till the ambulance came, they said, and they went on playing. When would the ambulance come? asked the Englishman. Oh, they didn't know; perhaps to-day, perhaps tomorrow. They didn't seem to care one bit, and still went on playing.

Then the missionary went back to the wounded man. He, the missionary, is one of those people to whom contact with all that is dirty—wounds, and other unpleasantnesses—causes real suffering. But he picked up the Chinese soldier, far too big and heavy though he was for him to carry, and started to take him along the road into the city. I am thankful to say that the other soldiers, when they saw our countryman struggling thus to help the one they had so despised and disregarded, were shamed, and they left their game and lifted him from the missionary's arms, and themselves carried him into the city and to the place of healing.

That, said the one who told us, was the kind of thing that was so often done, and yet seldom spoken of, and the hero of the story wouldn't dream he was a hero. And another story I would like to tell is of a woman whose husband died and left her with six little children, and who was a true heroine if ever there was one. But I must not stop now. There is a whole pile of letters waiting, and you will want some news of each other, though we shall not get it all in.

First of all I must let you know that I have had a report from the Barnardo officials about Violet and Lena, and both are doing exceedingly well. I expect there will be letters from them again soon.

News from Comrades at Home and Abroad

"DEAR ALISON.—We left the Pacific last February, and after touching at Australia, Tasmania, and South Africa, we arrived in England, after being on the sea three months all but a few days. And as I had not been able to get *THE QUIVER* for so long I never expected to see my letter in the H.W.C. for June or to get a prize, so you may imagine how delighted I was, and mother too. I am going to school, and it does seem so different from the Islands where so few children are. It is nice to be back in dear old England, although I like the Pacific and travelling very much."

So writes *Kappel Dickson*, from London. Please find time to write a letter about that long voyage, Kappel. Happy schooldays to you here.

"DEAR ALISON.—Excuse me for not writing you sooner. I think I would like a competition about birds and their eggs. And another about snails. There should be illustrations in them. The one about birds should not exceed 300 words, and the one about snails should not exceed 500 words. I will write a monthly letter soon.—ALFRED WILSON."

Would anyone else enjoy these competitions? I should find it easier to write 500 words about birds than about the snail.

Kate Edwards sent me a letter full of details about their motor drives. One day they went to Lowestoft, ninety-three miles away from their home. They were going down to Leamington Spa for a fortnight's holiday, riding in the car all the way:

"We are going to start early in the morning, so as to get there while it is still light, and also for Bernard's sake. We hope to visit a number of interesting places around. Bernard, who will not be two until October, loves to ride in the 'toot-toot' as he has learned to call it. Later on we are going to Lowestoft for a fortnight, so we ought to have two nice holidays this year."

Letters, please, Kate and Ethel, all about your motor rides.

THE QUIVER

Margaret Davidson writes interestingly of the old church at Corstorphine.

"It is one of the most interesting of the old village churches in Scotland. It has a small square belfry tower with a short spire. The stair up to the gallery is very steep and narrow. There is an altar tomb of Sir John Forrester (the founder) and his lady inside the church; he has been represented in armour of the fifteenth century, and the lady has a breviary clasped in her hands. There are some old Communion flagons dated 1719, 1722, 1733. In 1593, after the Reformation, the church became the church of the parish and has so continued ever since. It was all restored eight years ago, an organ built in, and the seats altered. The roof is still covered with old grey flagstones instead of slates. If you come to Edinburgh I would be so pleased to show you it.—With all good wishes for the Corner and the four children, Your loving Companion."

The next letter on the pile is this :

"DEAR ALISON,—Dorothy and I were delighted when we got the May QUIVER and heard the news about Philip. I enclose two shillings from Dorothy and two from myself for Philip. Is it not lovely to think that we have four instead of three little children? Dorothy and I both have had the measles. Neither Arnulf nor Baby took them. I went back to school to-day for the first time since April 18. We are having cold weather for June. We have had a few days warm and then cold. Our vacations begin on the 2nd of this month, and then we begin to pick fruit. I must stop and do my lessons. The other six shillings enclosed we made by selling spring flowers.—Yours lovingly, KATHLEEN COLLYER."

What splendid helpers we have in this corner of Canada !

The next letter comes from Australia :

"I have been reading last month's H.W.W.C. Some of the members write very nice letters, but I am sorry to say that I am no hand at letter writing myself. There are not many flowers out in the garden now, so it does not look very bright. I have been for four holidays since Christmas; for New Year right out west to Bond; since then to Chelmsford, Sandgate and Redcliffe. It has been raining all day, but now it is nice and moonlight. It is never raining here for very long. The weather is just beginning to get cold now, and warm clothes are needed. We have the latest model of a pianola piano; I suppose they are fairly common at home with you now. I have started to learn shorthand and am beginning to like it, although I did not at first. I am enclosing one shilling for the Fund."

The Plymouth postmark and *Kathleen Crago's* neat handwriting are on the next envelope, and inside is this note :

"I am enclosing 1s. 4d. which I have collected during the last six months. I was late in forwarding the book in March, so thought I had better send the two amounts in one. How rapidly our children are increasing. I received a letter the other day from a girl in South Africa, Winnie Angove; she said she had seen a letter of mine in one of the back numbers of THE QUIVER and made up her mind to write to me, but in her letter she said nothing about belonging to the Companionship. Accordingly I wrote back a full description of the Scheme. I saw her name a few days later in a new number of the magazine. I received another letter from her a few days after, saying she had been a member for a year and a half. I have had two interesting letters from her, also some photographs. We have a Primary Department now in our Sunday School, and I have been

installed as one of the teachers. We go on Friday evenings to prepare the lesson, and decide in what way it is to be illustrated. I find it very interesting; the children say such amusing things at times.—With love, yours sincerely, KATHLEEN CRAGO."

A good number of our Companions are working in Primary Departments. I will give a prize to the best letter on "My Work in the Primary Department" that reaches me before the end of November. Tell stories of the children and give your opinion about the methods used.

John Dobson wrote from Stranraer :

"MY DEAR ALISON,—I was pleased to see my letter in THE QUIVER. I am sending two shillings—one shilling for the Fund, and the other for a badge pin. I got the money from my grandmother. I am going to Bangor on Saturday for a week. The boat leaves at six in the morning, and there are four of us to get ready—mother, Annie, Fay, and myself. Our school examination is on Friday, and I am in a flag drill.—With love, your loving Companion, JOHN."

We all hope John had a happy time going from Stranraer to Bangor; how long did it take? What did you see by the way?

"Glorious to have a fourth child," says *Edith Penn*.

"Thank you very much for your letter. I should have written to you before, but I have been very busy at school. Our headmistress is leaving to be married so there is great excitement as to who the next will be. I think it is glorious having a fourth child. How pleased his mother must be. David seems most happy. I expect we shall be hearing that he has a farm of his own some day. Violet also seems happy. How interesting the letters in the June corner were. I think Kappel Dickson's was the best. I can't tell you any more because it is such lovely weather and I get out as much as I can. I send three shillings for the Fund.—Your loving Companion, EDITH PENN."

Barbara Kennet joins us at Bridport. She is sixteen, and is one of the seniors in her school.

"I should so like to become a member," she writes. "I have read the Corner with great interest ever since Violet was adopted, but I have been too shy to write. To-day I thought I must screw up my courage and write to you. I am going to try to get some of my chums to join the Corner. I often lend it to them to read. Bridport is a very quaint little town. It is really not a port at all, as the harbour is at West Bay, two miles off. On entering the town one of the most striking features is the wide streets. Nearly opposite the Town Hall is a chemist's shop. This shop has been built upon the site of the George Inn, where Charles II, when flying from the Cromwellian soldiers once passed a night. Bridport is surrounded, except where it faces the sea, by hills. The greater part are wooded, and this gives the town a very pretty appearance. About a mile from West Bay is a headland called Golden Cap. The lower portion is composed mainly of blue bas, but the top and centre are formed of yellow lias. In the springtime the summit and part of the slopes are covered with bright yellow gorse. At sunset the sun seems to linger there a little longer than elsewhere, giving it a 'golden' appearance. I hope the Fund will prosper, and when I have enlisted the sympathies of my friends, I shall try to think of some way so that we can all benefit it."

THE COMPANIONSHIP PAGES

I am hoping that Bridport will soon have a big group, and rival Macduff.

Another Edith I am delighted to add to our number is *Edith Evans* (age 15; Ealing).

"I am just writing to say how pleased I should be to become one of your Companions. I have only taken THE QUIVER for two months, and have highly enjoyed the H.W.W.C. This is how I came to have THE QUIVER. Looking through some of my mother's books one day, I came upon a host of QUIVERS, and it turned out that when mother was a young girl she took it in. I at once began to read, for I am very fond of reading. These old magazines of 1892, 1893, etc., so delighted me that I thought I would take it. I am very pleased with it, and hope I shall always be able to take it in. I shall try to help with the Scheme as much as I can, and hope to be able to get time to enter for the competitions. Hoping you will allow me to enter your Companionship."

Yet another young Companion I must introduce to you is *Edith Grainger* (age 9 next month). She lives in Camberwell, and wrote that she liked the letters of other members very much.

Mary Smith sent a gift to our Fund, with a happy little letter, and enclosed another from her sister *Nora* (age 13), who makes our second member in Carlisle. *Nora* writes :

"DEAR ALISON,—I should like to become a Companion of the H.W.W.C. and will try to help in any way I can. Mary and I enclose a shilling for the Fund, and I enclose a shilling for a badge in the shape of a brooch. I am pleased you were able to adopt another little boy, and I hope we shall soon be able to adopt another child. I will try to write often, but I have very little time, except on Saturdays, as we all cycle to school every morning and have a great deal of home work to do in the evenings. I enjoy reading the Companionship pages very much. Yours affectionately."

A new member in the West Indies is *Edmund B. Blanchette* (age 15; St. Vincent). We shall look for a letter soon.

And an interesting letter has reached me from *E. Dorothy Howell*, a friend of *Dorothy Lim*. She lives in Borneo, and very kindly sent with her letter a number of post cards to show me the country and people about her. Dorothy says, "I am not a missionary, but hope to be one some day." We hope she will join us after hearing more about us, as she wished, and we shall count it an honour to have another missionary among our members. One picture card is of "A Garden in Sarawak," and shows some betel-nut trees. "The natives eat the fruit. It is not very nice and it is not worth while eating. One cannot like it, for it is as hard as wood. Many strangers think Borneo is nothing but a jungle, but they are sadly mistaken."

Elsie Hibberd wrote just before leaving for her holiday in Germany. We are looking

forward to a jolly account of her doings. *Lizzie Ballingall* told me about the different examinations at the school she attends in Leven. One was the Balfour prize exam., for which the prize was £2. There was also a golf competition for boys in the Higher Grade. We shall like to hear that some of our members distinguished themselves in these exams. *Lizzie* said also, "It is delightful to be able to take in charge another protégé." *Dora Stewart* wrote about her holidays "up the river," and sent her regular quarterly gift to the Fund. *Mollie* and *Margery Wallis* sent me dear little letters acknowledging their Letter Prizes. Both are enjoying their school life. *Molly* is in Form 2 and *Margery* in Form 1. "We have asked two little girls to join our Companionship, and they said they would. I am so glad that we have been able to get some to join," says *Molly*. And *Margery* tells me that her Daddy had written to say that he had five hundred ducks and chickens.

Bessie Loosley was full of her school sports and mission sale :

"One of my chums and I won second in the wheelbarrow race. She was the wheelbarrow. We had dear little gold-edged books for those. Mine was 'Gems from Shakespeare.' Then five of us from our Form were second in the four-in-hand driving race. *Imagine*, *Alison*, one person trying to drive four blindfolded ones in and out of cricket stumps. The people who were watching simply screamed with laughter. I couldn't see because I was a blindfolded one."

A Letter from Grenada

"MY DEAR ALISON,—I have not written to you for a long time, so I will write now. I am very glad to hear we have a new little protégé. That makes four of them now. I am sending you two shillings and sixpence for the Fund. I got one shilling by finishing two bits of needlework, sixpence I took from some money I got for my birthday, and Daddy gave me a shilling. My birthday was on the 3rd of June. I got twenty presents. We spent the day at the seaside. The seaside where we went to is a very long, half-moon shaped beach, about two and a half miles long, and bordered by coco-nut trees and young sea-grape trees. There is the nicest bathing there that can be found in the island, and some say in the West Indies. There is a nice little landing-stage not quite half-way up the beach, and a nice little house about a stone's throw from that. This little house consists chiefly of a large gallery and two small rooms, in which one can undress to bathe in the sea. It is rented for a day, morning or afternoon only. We spent the day in that. It was a lovely day, and the sun was not *too* hot, but our faces were very sunburnt, and felt very hot when we got home that night.

"I believe that there are four motor-cars in our island. Three of them belong to three brothers! There are also four motor-boats, so Grenada is getting on.

"We are having rather hot weather now. But I prefer it to the very high winds.

"There is no more news now, so good-bye.—With love from *FRIEDA MARTIN*."

THE QUIVER

And One from Aberdeen

"DEAR ALISON.—Here I am once more after an interval long, even, for me. First of all I must say how delighted I was with the news in the May QUIVER. Of course I meant to write whenever I read of our new protégé, but did not do so. Judging by the reports every month, our membership seems to be increasing so much that we ought to be able to undertake the care of another child every year. Don't you think so?

"We have had a very busy year at school. In the end of March I tried the Higher Leaving Certificate Examination, and in the second week of this month the University Bursary Competition. We have not got the results of either yet, but are expecting them in July.

"Before the Easter holidays everyone was so busy that I stopped lending books, and since then I have done a little 'business,' but not very much. I enclose a P.O. for five shillings. Two shillings and sixpence is from my library, and the other two shillings and sixpence from myself.

"Our prize distribution took place yesterday, and it was one which we shall not soon forget, for we had the great honour of being addressed by Ralph Connor. We enjoyed his address all the more because we did not know that he was coming to speak to us.

"Dr. Gordon is here, of course, attending the Pan-Presbyterian Alliance, which, as you probably know, has held its meetings in Aberdeen this year.—With best wishes for yourself and for 'our four,' I am, your loving Companion, DAISY VALENTINE."

Dorothy Lawton, who lives at Biddulph, near Congleton, says:

"DEAR ALISON.—I am sorry I have not written to you for such a long time. I am writing to tell you about the place I live in. Biddulph has a large number of interesting places. There are the ruins of the old castle. It was besieged in 1645. There were seven towers, but there is only one left now. Over an entrance the following inscription is to be seen:

'Hence, rebel heart, nor deem a welcome due
From walls once ruined by a rebel hand;
Thrice welcome thou, if thou indeed be true
To God and to the Lady of the Land.'

"Our church is also interesting. It has a Norman tower. Instead of a chancel it has an apse. There is a marble monument of the Ascension. An old helmet, a spur, and a pair of gauntlets hang over an old tomb. It is said that they were worn by a knight in the Crusades. The Grange is the mansion where the squire lives. It is a large building, and it has lovely gardens. They are laid out to represent different countries. You go through a tunnel and you come to Japan. Then to China through another tunnel, to Italy and others. The grange has been burnt down once.—Wishing the Corner much success. Your loving Companion."

A Note about Prizes and Competitions

Two Letter Prizes are awarded this month. The winners are Margaret Davidson (age 12); Murrayfield, N.B.), and Frieda Martin (age 11; Grenada).

The result of the June Day Competition will be given next month. We want space this time for our quarterly Balance Sheet. Please study it carefully. There are a few Companions who promised quarterly gifts who have not fulfilled their promises, but I am proud to say they are *very* few. The majority have proved loyal and dependable.

I have been asked several times to give a fresh Scrap Book Competition. So here you are. Many of you will have still another month of summer holiday time when you read this. That will be a fine opportunity to begin. All the scrap books will be given to little invalid boys and girls in London, through the Invalid Children's Aid Association, and they shall go as Christmas gifts. If you knew some of these children as well as I know them, and could see their enchantment with such gifts, everyone would want to enter this competition for their sakes. There will be several prizes, and all scrap books must reach me not later than October 31. There are no restrictions except this: Remember the children will not be strong, and no book should be very large or heavy. Please try this competition, all of you, and see how really beautiful and interesting your books can be made. Every book must have the name, age and address of its maker fastened on it, but in such a way that I can remove it when necessary. With affectionate thoughts of you all, believe me.

Your Companion friend,

Alison.

RULES

"**ALISON**" is glad to welcome as members of the Corner all readers young enough to enjoy the chats. The Coupon is in the advertisement section.

The Competition Rules are three only, but they must be observed:

- (a) One side only of the paper is to be written on.
- (b) The full name and address must be given on the final page.
- (c) Age last birthday is to be stated also.

Foreign and Colonial Companions are allowed an extra month.

A prize is given to every Companion who gets twelve others to join.

BEAUTY AND CHARM OF SLIMNESS

IT is now a positive fact that every over-stout person can recover that perfect slenderness which is, in women, so charmingly attractive, and which gives to men an air of alertness and smartness. Prior to the great discovery of Antipon, a few years ago, there was no known reliable remedy for over fatness or obesity. Now it is always of Antipon that one speaks when it is a question of reducing weight and recovering an elegant slimness.

Such testimonials as the following, which, with hundreds of others, may be seen in the original at the offices of the Antipon Company, are being constantly received:—

"It is with the greatest pleasure that I now write to thank you for what Antipon has done for me. It is really a most wonderful thing for curing obesity. It cannot be spoken of too highly; it deserves all the praise it gets. I only wish I had taken Antipon sooner. I have lost nearly two stone in weight" — (Signed) (Miss) A. L. L.—, Flaxton, York.

A great feature of the Antipon treatment is that there is no bagginess or looseness of the skin. On this point a lady residing at one of the principal Embassies on the Continent writes as follows:—

"Antipon is really wonderfully good in its effects, the skin becoming 'tight' all

over, and one feels the better for it. I did not like to begin any treatment—in fact, I was afraid to begin—but am very glad I did. It is worth any money to feel more comfortable and active."

We want to emphasise the truth that beauty of form and face depend not only on an absence of superfluous fat, but on the possession of health. The body should be vigorous though slim; and the healthy glow in the cheeks must be the result of rich, pure blood.

Now, Antipon is a splendid tonic, and creates a keen appetite and sound digestive power. One eats well when taking Antipon. Mus-

cular fibre is repaired through properly assimilated food, the blood supply is increased, the nervous system reinvigorated. As the abnormal tendency to over-fatness is destroyed, everything tends to the permanent possession of bodily beauty and vigour.

There is an initial decrease of from 8 oz. to 3 lb. within twenty-four hours.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by chemists, stores, etc., and is stocked by wholesale houses throughout the world, or, in the event of difficulty, may be had (on remitting amount), privately packed, carriage paid in the United Kingdom, direct from the Antipon Company, Olmar Street, London, S.E.



"Foods shot from Guns"

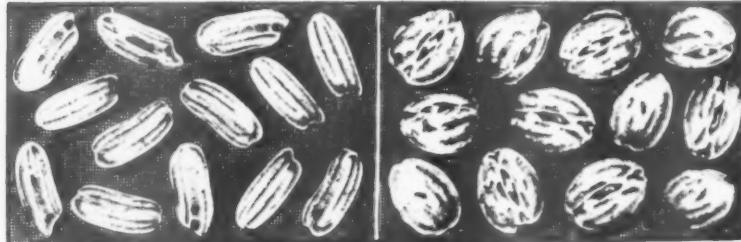
The Latest Delight in Foods

The foods shot from guns—Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat, ready to serve—are different from any form of rice, wheat or other cereal food you have ever tried.

These giant kernels—puffed from eight to ten times natural size—retain their original shapes.

They are four times as porous as bread—far more digestible and nourishing.

PUFFED RICE
7d. per packet



WONDERFUL METHOD OF COOKING.

They are made by this curious process: the whole rice or wheat kernels are put into bronze-metal guns. The guns are sealed, then revolved in special ovens at a heat of 550 degrees.

The heat turns the moisture in the grain to steam, and the pressure becomes terrific.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining these foods, send us your name and address on a post-card and we will see you are supplied

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Never was a cereal food half so enticing—the ideal food for summer. No trouble, no cooking. Delicious with milk or fruit.

Professor Anderson, who invented these foods, has provided a new delight. Surprise your family to-morrow at breakfast, luncheon or supper. Get a packet of each from your grocer and see which they prefer.

PUFFED WHEAT
6d per packet

THE CRUTCH-AND-KINDNESS LEAGUE

"THE QUIVER" COMPANIONSHIP FUNDS

The following is our account from April 1st up to the end of June, 1913:

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Brought forward ..	10	2	1	Charlotte B. Williams	4 0
Isabel Young ..	6	0	0	Leven Companions	4 6
Eileen Nelson (Australia) ..	7	0	0	Agnes Graham	2 0
Frances M. Boston ..	3	0	0	Ivy M. Slesser (New Zealand)	1	0
Frances Corbett ..	2	0	0	Hilda Otway (Grenada)	2	0
Arthur Smart ..	1	0	0	Phyllis Brissenden	2	6
Winnie Adams ..	1	6	0	Irene King-Turner	2	0
Norah Townend ..	6	0	0	Girle Budd	5	6
Martha Reid ..	10	0	0	Jessie H. Anderson	2	6
Eric King-Turner ..	1	0	0	Kate and Ethel Edwards	3	0
Marion Hardy ..	1	0	0	Dorothy and Kathleen Collyer (Canada) ..	10	3	
Dorothy Collyer (Canada) ..	2	0	0	Doris Ferrett (Australia)	1	0
Kathleen Collyer (Canada) ..	2	0	0	Mary Smith	1	0
Enid and Ida Jones ..	5	0	0	Nora Smith	1	0
Peggy Knapp, Molly Wallis, Margery Wallis, etc. ..	6	0	0	Frieda Martin (Grenada)	2	6
Emily M. Ramsey ..	6	0	0	John P. Dobson	1	0
Frances Smith ..	2	0	0	Edith Penn (C.B.)	3	0
Gladys Smith ..	2	0	0	Kathleen Crago (C.B.)	6	4
Maria Da Costa (Jamaica) ..	6	0	0	Daisy Valentine	5	0
Dorothy M. Crossley (Rhodesia) ..	5	0	0				
Blanche Oliver and Netta Martin ..	5	3	0	Less David's Expenses, April, 1913, to	16	11	5
Ronald Macdonald ..	1	0	0	1914	
Mrs. F. M. Gregory ..	3	0	0		..	13	0 0
Agnes Hawke (New Zealand) ..	2	0	0				
					£	3	11 5



THE CRUTCH-AND-KINDNESS LEAGUE

By the Rev. J. REID HOWATT

Vale Atque Salve

YOUR black-edged letter or newspaper column is rarely to my taste. It maintains too markedly our national and traditional idea of death being something to bewail rather than regard as a triumph. The Chinese are wiser in associating white with everything relating to a spirit's emancipation.

I know that black is meant as a sign of our sorrow over the loss we have sustained in what has passed beyond our reach, and so far so good, and so true, but it is only one side of the truth; there is another—the gain, the triumph, the beautiful escape which has been granted to the one who has been set free.

So I would have no marks of shaded mourning upon this page, even though the loss to the Ragged School Union and its widespread, merciful work has been rendered so great and profound by the death of the Marquis of Northampton. It is not what he would wish. He was one of the brightest, kindest, sunniest of practical Christians I have ever known.

The Ragged School Union has been singularly favoured in the sterling character of its Presidents. First "the good Lord Shaftesbury," then Lord Aberdeen, the man of pure and lofty ideals, and then Lord Northampton. None of these were mere belted figure-heads; all of them lived and moved and had their hearts in the work of—to use a sweet but common phrase—seeking to bring some rays of sunshine into the dark and terribly limited lot of the poor, crippled and neglected masses of great London.

The late Marquis was very specially shaped for this noble task, and to the last was faithful to his high visions. His nature was pre-eminently of the wise and lovable kind; as he said on one of the rare occasions in which he spoke of himself, "I know that I possess the gift of sympathy in the highest degree. God gave it to me, and it is my greatest joy and comfort." And it was no mere painted quality in his life; there was heat in it, and this heat urged him on to all practical ways of making his quick sympathies become a power. He never took his information from

THE QUIVER

secretaries only; he visited the poorest of the poor in their own homes, he became an active worker and teacher in the slums, he qualified himself to be expert on the London County Council Housing Committee by personal intimacy with the urgently needy, and was a well-known figure in some of the lowest-lying Sunday Schools of Southwark and sprawling Islington, carrying cheer, improvement, greater light and health for soul and body into all his labours of love.

It was my happiness to be many times in his company, but one occasion stands out radiant for the beautiful revelation it gave of the man behind the august title. With Sir John Kirk and the late Passmore Edwards I travelled with the then Lord Compton to open the Cripples' Home at Bournemouth—a Home which, in the time between, has sheltered and done much to heal 800 children. Never was man happier than Lord Compton that day. Tears of joy were in his eyes when, as a sign of the opening of the Home, a little cripple knocked at the door and begged admission. How he petted that child, and frisked tenderly with the other small maimed ones who followed!

It was an education and spiritual tonic to know such a man. It will be the essence of many a prayer that the next President of the Ragged School Union may be of the true succession to those who have gone before him.

I love the soldiers' way: nothing sadder than their method of bearing a comrade to his last resting place, with the measured step, the reversed arms, the wailing music, the muffled drum, the final volley; but then, having done all that man can do for the departed, they return with shouldered arms, brisk music and quick step; the work of life has again to be faced.

So must it be with the poor cripples of London, for whom so many noble souls have done much in their day. These poor maimed ones are still amongst us, still suffer, still long for love and all that the child-heart aches for, and, therefore, are still dependent on the lovingkindnesses of the merciful. Of such young sufferers there are, in London alone, about 12,000 in the care of the Ragged School Union. The Crutch-and-Kindness League exists to raise up what comfort and help it can for them; and one of its main features lies in each member of the League writing a letter, once a month

at least, to the cripple put into his or her care for the purpose, with particulars of the case furnished. "I think it would be hard to find a more delightful work than this of corresponding with a cripple child," writes a member of long standing. "Perhaps we hardly know *how* much joy is given to the little sufferer by our letters. I have visited my little charge both in the hospital and the home, and the hours I have spent with her and her family will not be forgotten. Poor though they are, they are kind-hearted Christian people, and always ready to welcome me. M. is herself a bright, affectionate child, and it is always a pleasure to me to write to her, still more to see her."

It is the witness of every member of the League. But all cannot visit personally; some are too young, some too aged, some too busy, some dwelling too far off. But the heart can speak through the post, and neither age, sex, distance, nor condition can hinder this method of brightening the drab lot of God's little prisoners.

There is but one fee for entrance on membership of the League—1s.—enough to cover expenses and provide the beautiful card of membership, for framing. All further particulars of this most helpful movement may be had for a stamp from Sir John Kirk, J.P., Director and Secretary, Ragged School Union, 32 John Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C.

NEW MEMBERS FOR THE MONTH

Miss M. du Plat Archer, Moy, Ireland.
Mr. J. H. Bridger, Croydon, Surrey.
Miss M. Carson, Waiauata, New Zealand.
Miss Ethel Eshick, Cathcart, C.P., South Africa.
Miss Muriel D. Gibbon, Stretford, near Manchester.
Miss Gertie Harman, Warrnambool, Australia.
Miss Amy Leeson, Longsight, near Manchester.
Misses Pearl and Irene Long, Warrnambool, Australia.

Miss A. F. M. Newsam, Hemel Hempstead, Herts.
Misses Doris, Doreen, Evelyn, and Gertrude Oates, Highlands, Natal, South Africa.

Miss Mabel Palmer, Shanklin, Isle of Wight; Mrs. Patrick, Stroud, Gloucester; Miss Ada Pawley, Sydney, Australia; Miss Lily Payne, Worthing, Sussex; Miss S. Peterkin, Barbadoes, West Indies.

Miss D. A. Speller, South Woodford, Essex.

Miss Josy Tee, Whangarei, Auckland, New Zealand; Misses Dorothy and Mollie Trapnell, Crosby, near Liverpool; Miss Bessie Trowbridge, Bruton, Somerset.

Miss Bessie White, Wood Green, London, N.

Masters Jack and Jim Woollard, Newmarket.

Athalie Capron-Rush, Elsie Smart, Jean Mitchell, Nora Bishop, E. Claire de Gale, Dora Arthur, Annie F. Jefferson, Edith H. Butcher, Kathleen Clark, Mary N. Nicoll, Mary T. Dunlop, Winifred M. Pulton, H. Mavis Glass, Irene Hattersley, Nellie S. Lorenzen, Esme Watson, Miss E. H. Savamer, Elmhurst School, E. Finchley, N. (Group II.)



Men of To-morrow

Many a boy, started off with a sorry fund of health, has been built into mental and physical strength by helpful environment and properly selected food.

No one can build a sturdy, time-resisting wall with poor materials. No one can build a strong, manly boy on flimsy food.

The boy is really more important than the wall!

Ever think of that?

Yet you may be very particular when you inspect the materials you are to put into your house walls.

But how about the boy—is his building material being considered?

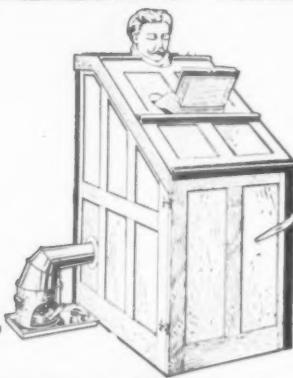
Mind and body must be properly trained to make the Master Man.

A true Brain and Body food is

Grape=Nuts

It possesses those vital elements required by Nature for building up strong young bodies and active brains.

"There's a Reason."



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Our Patent Folding Cabinets embrace every desirable feature and possess several exclusive advantages, such as—

Efficient and Absolutely Safe Outside Heater; Adjustable Seat; Heat Regulator; the Bath is heated by the heat to the Cabinet. Exit is easy and immediate no assistant is required; Durability and Perfect Hygiene.

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J. FOOT & SON, Ltd., (Dept. B 24), 171 New Bond St., London, W.

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Ink, grime and dirt.
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WHITE AS THE DRIVEN SNOW AND
FRESH AS THE FLOWERS OF SPRING
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cools and refreshes the irritated,
smarting skin and renders it soft, white
and smooth.

Rowland's "KALYDOR"

The consistent use of this
famous preparation is a sure
means of preventing sunburn,
freckles and redness.

Prices 2/-, 4/- and 8/-
per bottle. Of Stores
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SUNDAY SCHOOL PAGES

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES

SEPTEMBER 7th. THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.—I

Exodus xx. 1-11

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) God's declaration and reminder to His people. (2) The laws upon which the relationship of God and His people is based. (3) Life rooted in religion.

"If the Bible is God's Word," said a critic, "why didn't He make it so plain that everybody could easily understand it?" "If God made coal for our use as fuel," was the reply, "why didn't He distribute it in convenient places on the surface, instead of burying it deep under ground?"

No one, at any rate, will raise any objection to the Decalogue on the ground that it is not plain enough. There is no misunderstanding of the Commandments, and if men continue to break them they cannot present the plea that they are too vague in form or statement.

The Supreme God

The Commandments are a claim on God's part to be supreme in human life; they mean that each one must come into the position of saying to God, "Thy will be done in my life."

"I remember," says the Rev. E. W. Moore in one of his books, "at one of our testimony meetings a man got up and said he had got a great blessing at Keswick. They asked him, 'What can you say about it?' 'Well,' he replied, 'I can say this: I was a Christian before I came to Keswick. Christ was my King; but I am afraid He was a constitutional Sovereign and I was Prime Minister. Now he is absolute Lord, and that has made all the difference in my life and brought a blessing.'"

That does make all the difference, and if we remember the first of the Commandments we shall give God His rightful place.

SEPTEMBER 14th. THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.—II

Exodus xx. 12-21

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) Further laws of the Kingdom. (2) The effect of the law upon the people.

A FRIEND of Lord Napier, in discussing Sabbath observance with him, said: "I do

not see any harm in a man's spending a few hours at work in his flower garden on Sunday. It seems to me that he might gain great good from it." His lordship replied: "Yes, but when a man begins in his flower garden he is likely to end in his potato patch."

The great thing to keep in mind in connection with all the Commandments is that they come to us from God, and our duty is not to argue about them, but to obey them.

An old Indian on the Kakima reservation understood the ethics of business dealing much better than some Christians do. A lady had bought several cords of wood from him. When the wood was measured he found that it lacked just a few pieces of full measure, but the lady was not at all displeased, and said it was all right. A few days later, however, the Indian returned with enough wood to fully make up the measure, whereupon the lady said: "Why, I told you that was all right." But the Indian replied: "Me want no *short* cords of wood to meet me in heaven."

Obedience and its Fruit

At a recent baptismal service in Korea one of the women gave her experience. She said she had known that to steal or murder was sin, but as she had never done anything of that kind she did not know that she was a sinner till she read the Bible. Then she began to feel her sins growing heavier and heavier until she could bear the weight no longer. Her bright face, as well as words, told that she had found One who had lifted the burden and given her peace. Soon after this her father's birthday came, and, according to custom, she must prepare the sacrificial food and take part in the ceremony.

This she refused to do, suffering patiently the persecution of her relatives because she stood firm in her new-found faith. Soon her brave stand had its reward in the turning of some of her relatives to the Christian religion. They had seen its effect in her life, and they longed for the same joy and peace.

THE QUIVER

SEPTEMBER 21st. THE GOLDEN CALF

Exodus xxvii.

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) Moses on the Mount. (2) The sin of the people. (3) The punishment of sin.

Turning Back on God

It was not long before the people of Israel turned their back on God. They forgot His explicit Commandments and followed after their own way. G. F. Watts's famous picture illustrating "For he had great possessions" is familiar to everyone. The artist gave this account of the rich young ruler: "I am doing a man's back—little else but his back—to explain 'He went away sorrowful, for he had great possessions.' Fancy a man turning his back on Christ rather than give away his goods! They say his back looks sorry. I don't know. It is what I meant his back to express."

A New Use for Idols

In contrast to the story in our lesson, a beautiful incident is related by a missionary in Travancore. One day a native came to the missionary's house, carrying over his shoulder a heavy sack. The missionary asked what it contained, and the native said it was full of idols, for which he had no use now that he had become a Christian. "Could the idols be melted down into a bell to call us to church?" asked the man. His suggestion was actually carried out, and now the former idols ring out the call to the Gospel.

SEPTEMBER 28th. DELIVERANCE AND DISOBEDIENCE

Nehemiah ix. 7-21

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The Divine patience. (2) The human response.

In all His dealings with His wayward people the patience of God shines out with a never-

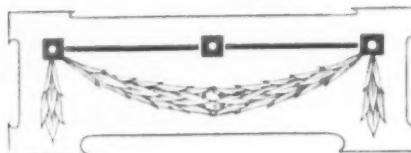
failing brightness. "To know how to wait," says De Maistre, "is the secret of success." Cyrus Field was ten years in laying the Atlantic cable. The first time he tried to lower it the great rope snapped in mid-ocean, and when they grappled it and brought it to the surface it slipped away from them and was gone. Not until he had tried thirty times was the tireless patience of the projector rewarded. In life's school one of the hardest lessons is to learn to wait patiently.

When Sin is Confessed

As we look at the chequered history of the children of Israel, we see repeated forgetfulness of God, and forgiveness on His part, renewed again and again whenever the sin was confessed.

A native preacher of India once had stolen some valuables from a Rajah and buried them in the Rajah's grounds, and then left that part of the country. Later he was brought under conviction at a revival, and confessed his sins and said: "Though the Rajah should cut off my head I must go back and tell him." On the train by which they were both travelling he could not get admission to the Rajah's carriage; but later, seeing the door open, he went in and, falling at the Rajah's feet, told him all.

On arriving at the village, the Rajah sent for him, and sent also for a man to dig up the treasure. "Now," said he, "what made you come and tell me this?" "I am a Christian," was the reply. "Then go, and send from your mission someone to come and make my people like you." This man, adds the missionary who narrates the incident, won not one soul in six years with his sin unconfessed; now there are about six hundred converts in two or three years.





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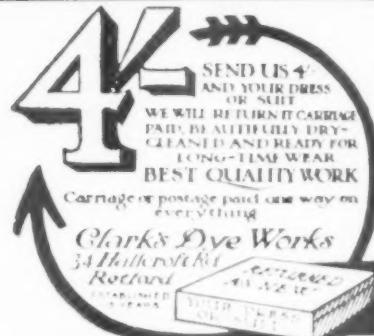
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